CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

APRIL | MAY 2002 $4.95

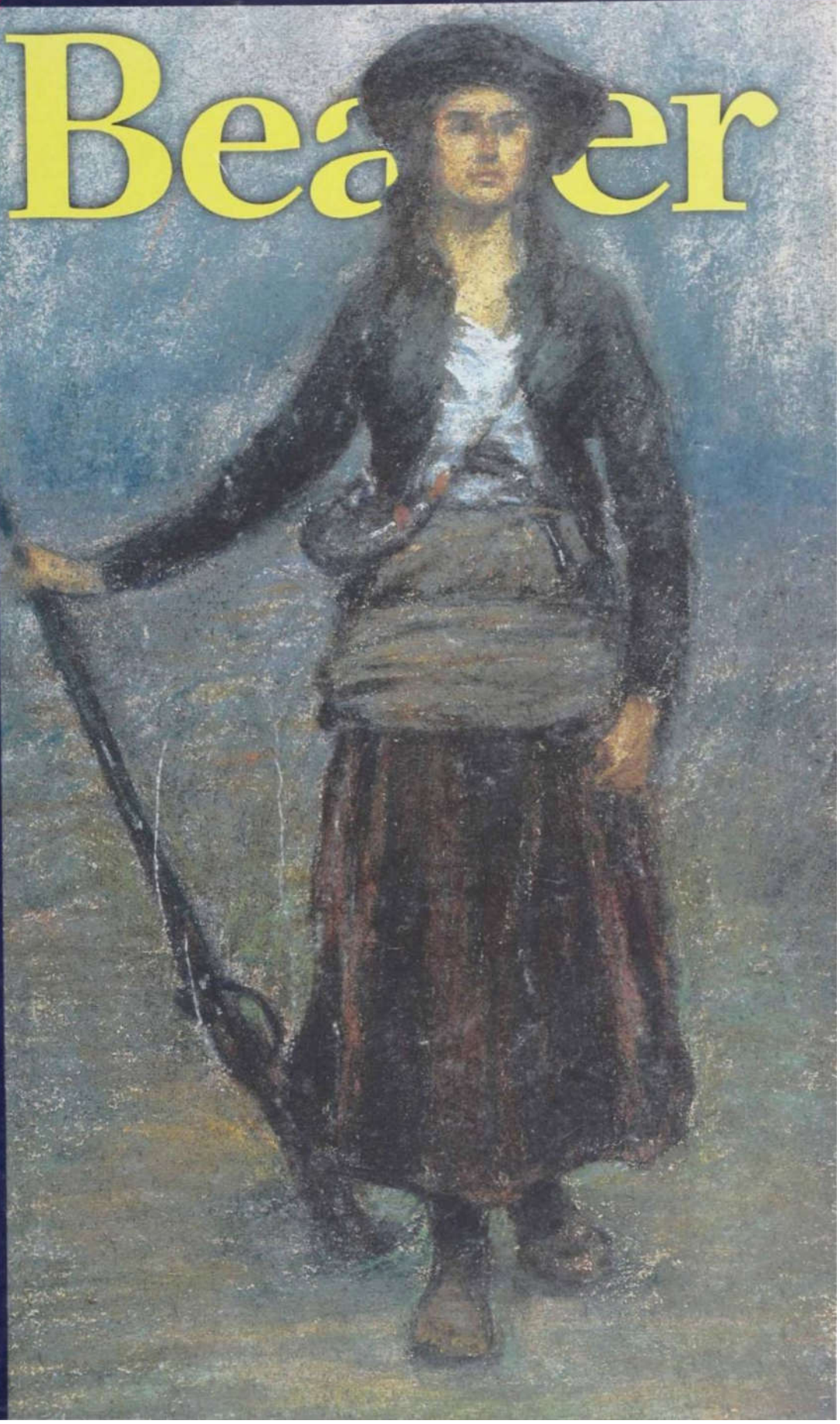
Warrior Woman

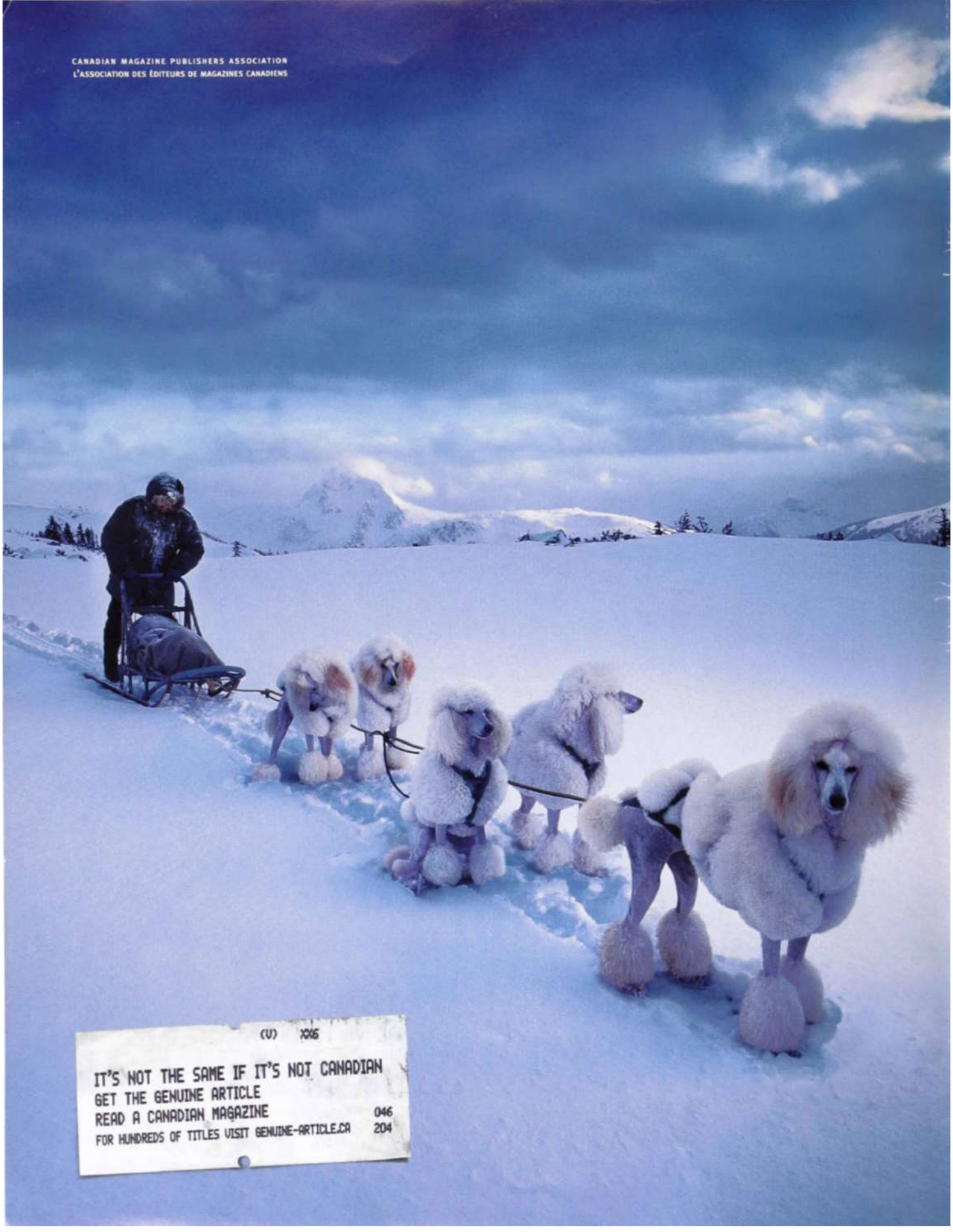
The legend of Madeleine de Verchères

Cannibal Cruise

Right Honourable Moms

Home Truth: *Family quest, family secret*

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The Beaver

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On the cover: *Madeleine de Verchères*, c. 1910 by Marc-Aurèle de Foy Suzor-Coté / Musée du Québec / 34.24

Letters

Much ado ...

David Smith compares the impact of George VI's death with the assassination of Jack Kennedy["Explorations," February/March 2002] . Having been there at the time, I would suggest that there was little impact, apart from natural grief at the premature loss of a monarch who had been an inspirational figurehead during the war. Nor was government continuity threatened, as it could have been at the time of Kennedy's untimely end.

I also doubt that the Canadian First Nations hold the monarchy in such esteem as Mr. Smith claims, particularly since they have, for centuries, been continuously cheated of their treaty rights, exploited by their residential school system, and generally badly treated by agents of said monarchy. Nor do I think that Conor Cruise O'Brien would be thrilled at being classified as British.

I suspect too, that our immigrant population, of whom I am one, would be largely indifferent to the monarchal issues, which are now a matter of ceremony rather than substance.

Ian Martyn
Toronto, Ontario

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.
E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

FPTP just fine

Professor Henry Milner states Fathers of Confederation did not ask if the first-past-the-post voting system suited the new federal country "dispersed over farflung regions" ["Explorations," December 2001/January 2002]. Of course they didn't. The Canadian framers laboured to establish a constitutional monarchy, not a democracy. The Fathers of Confederation were not radical democrats and would have been appalled at the notion of proportional representation. Such a scheme was precisely what they attempted to keep at bay.

More to the point, Professor Milner's case is based in an error. His system would freeze in place the statistical results of any given election. It is an error not to understand that an election is merely a formal way voters in a democracy can express their support at constitutionally stated times. Professor Milner forgets that democratic legitimacy is fluid: it moves after elections. Witness the current national scene. Is there any doubt that the people of Canada give the ruling Liberals massive support? The reliable polls all confirm that the NDP are in a free fall and that the Alliance and PCs are off the radar screen. To have frozen in parliamentary seats the results of the last election would have distorted the will of the people of Canada *today*. It would have rendered the people of Canada hostage to the now-repudiated statistical breakdown of the last election.

As well, the current FPTP system serves the interests of minorities quite well. Just ask Bob Rae who formed a majority government in Ontario with less than 38 percent of the popular vote. To institute proportional representation into the Canadian system would simply institutionalize the most vocal factions of the moment. Governments would not be able to govern – which is what we elect them to do. To hamstring our provincial and national governments with factionalism would not do a service to the country.

Frederick Vaughan
Southwest Cove, Nova Scotia

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Overcoming habit . . . finding fair form

WHAT MR. ROSS ["Letters," February/March 2002] seems not to appreciate is that the main problem with single-member ridings is that it is quite impossible to give representation to any minority opinion or interest in the riding. The result is bound to be a legislature that is not even approximately representative of the people.

There are only two ways around the difficulty: either an enlarged riding must be used everywhere, each electing several members, as in Eire, or a dual system with both single member ridings plus overlapping multimember ridings intended to correct the deficiencies of the first, as in New Zealand and Scotland (MMP).

In a country like ours, where even single member ridings outside urban areas are of vast extent, the first solution is not generally practicable, but there is no reason why it should not be applied in cities, leaving the rest of the country with single member ridings.

However, I think the biggest obstacle to any change, apart from power-hungry politicians, remains the power of habit, as identified by John Stuart Mill nearly 150 years ago. "Because the majority ought to prevail over the minority, must the majority have all the votes, the minority none? Is it necessary that the minority should not even be heard? Nothing but habit and old association can reconcile any reasonable being to the needless injustice." Maybe we get the electoral system, as well as the government, that we deserve. But if the New Zealanders overcame habit, indifference, and vested interests to reform their system, why can't we?

Selwyn Palmer
Napanee, Ontario

IF EDWARD ROSS'S PURPOSE in getting rid of our first-past-the-post electoral system is "getting out of the ghastly Liberal rut we're in," he's going about it the wrong way. The new French system he is so impressed with is similar to the preferential or single transferable systems in one very important aspect: it is a very artificial way to create a majority for the eventual winner—which is fine if you're choosing a new leader at a political convention where all the delegates share roughly the same political philosophy. But in a national election using the same system, how would the Liberals fare? Very well, it seems to me. Opinion polls, talk shows, and letters to newspapers make it quite clear that although a majority of voters prefer other parties, their second choice is the Liberals, largely because of antipathy towards the other alternatives. Any system, therefore, that gives as much weight to second choices as the three mentioned above would result in yet another Liberal government.

Mr. Ross is not excited by the proportional representation solution. The solution? Singular? There are many forms of PR. The one critics invariably cite is pure proportional representation as used by Italy and Israel. They never mention the German system that Professor Milner described. It combines the best features of our first-past-the-post system (constituency representation) with the best of PR (no vote wasted, every vote counts, resulting in legislatures that accurately reflect the voters' preferences as expressed by the popular vote).

Mr. Ross would do well to join Fair Vote Canada (FVC). There are chapters in many cities, sponsoring discussion groups to make citizens aware of the various alternatives to first-past-the-post. Information about FVC can be obtained at <www.fairvotecanada.org>, by email at <info@fairvotecanada.org>, or by calling (416) 410-4034.

Harry Freedman
Fair Vote Canada, Toronto Chapter

Travel i.d.

THE CAPTION THAT ACCOMPANIES the montage on pages 16 and 17 of the December 2001/January 2002 issue ["The Case for Mr. Berczy"] fails to mention the source of three panels of the illustration, leaving the impression they are part of Berczy's 1794 *View of Newark*. They are, in fact, taken from a sketch that appeared in a book, *Travels in the interior inhabited parts of North America*, by Patrick Campbell, published in Edinburgh in 1793.

In the Champlain Society's edition of *Travels* (1937), William Francis Ganong suggests the sketch is the work of Patrick's nephew, Dugald Campbell. Dugald, a lieutenant in the 42nd Foot, led a detachment of Highlanders from the regiment who settled on the Nashwaak River at the end of the American War of Independence. A skilled surveyor and mapmaker, he carried out a number of important assignments in New Brunswick over the next twenty-five years.

In 1791, when Patrick was on his way to visit Scots settlements in Upper Canada and upper New York State, Dugald accompanied him for the first hundred miles of his journey. In the sketch, Patrick is shown with his dog and his gun as he is poled up the St. John River. In his book, Patrick tells of meeting and conversing with a party of Maliseets, here shown paddling their canoe downriver.

Dugald's sketch illustrates two distinct parts: one, the river scene; the other, from which two of the panels of the montage are taken, a pioneer homestead, showing a number of the fence types used to enclose the stump-strewn clearings.

Campbell's *Travels* has long been recognized as an unrivalled source of information on agriculture in the new loyalist settlements.

D. Murray Young
Fredericton, New Brunswick

ERRATA In the article "Robert Borden's Siberian Adventure" [December 2001/January 2002], the caption under the photograph on page 27 was incorrect. The photo is of gunners from the sixteenth brigade of the Canadian Field Artillery in Archangel, not Vladivostok as noted. As well, Major-General J.H. Elmsley, who commanded the Siberian force in Vladivostok, is mistakenly identified as Brigadier-General (not then a position in the Canadian military). Thanks to readers for bringing these errors to our attention.

Information, please

WE ARE SEEKING INFORMATION about the 1938–39 dogsled journey of Leland Abbott (Eskimo Ab) and Hector Despins from The Pas, Manitoba to the 1939 Worlds' Fair in New York City. These two adventurers were partially sponsored by Ducks Unlimited Canada. They sold wildlife postcards and gave public lectures about life in Canada's changing North. If anyone remembers seeing these two men and their seven Inuit dogs, or have any photos or other information about their epic journey, please contact us at: #6–1330 Markham Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3T 4E5; tel: (204) 832-2606; e-mail: <grahamgieg@hotmail.com>.

Graham and Anne Gieg
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Tiptoe through the tulips

World War II had many consequences, but one of the more unusual after-effects for Canada has been an eruption of tulips every spring in Ottawa. The bulb, as all discerning tulipophiles know, is associated with the Netherlands, not with these maple-leafy parts, but as all discerning history types know, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, who spent the war in Canada, paid her respects to her home away from home in 1945 by presenting Ottawa with 100,000 tulip bulbs. Every year after, the Dutch royal family has given the capital 20,000 tulip bulbs, and every May since 1952, Ottawa has been host to the Canadian Tulip Festival, which is kind of like Mardi Gras for the tulip-touched, with carpets of the things just a'bloomin' everywhere, and parties and balls and tulip-eating contests (okay, we made that last part up). This May, being the fiftieth anniversary, the festival, entitled Tulipmania! will feature even more of the above. It's one week longer (May 3–20), and this time there is, among other things – but this one caught our eye – a floral gown competition, which should prove, um, aromatic. All this can't but help make us wonder what the consequences would have been if Princess Juliana had said thanks with 100,000 pairs of wooden shoes.

Where in the world is Samuel Johannes Holland (buried)?

When last we encountered Samuel Holland, surveyor general of British North America, he was dead. Long dead. Dutch-born, the cartographer and military engineer surveyed Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton Island, founded a system of township surveys in Lower and Upper Canada, and was pretty darned helpful in the 1758 fall of Louisbourg by using his skills to find an undefended place for the troops to land. He survived many a trying ordeal during his military career, including wounding at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. ("He should have been killed a hundred times, his escape is a miracle," General Wolfe earlier wrote the Duke of Richmond.) But when he finally died in 1801 at Quebec City, the master of precise placement somehow got lost. Or, rather, his body did. He was buried at his eighty-hectare estate, Holland House, but it was sold to the city in 1827, and his grave fell into neglect. In more recent years, his body was thought perhaps to be under a tree in the area or near the YWCA. However, after some detective work, including studying Holland's own plans to subdivide his Quebec City estate, a PEI descendant, George Dalton, has located Holland's burial site. It's in front of Holland School. Under a children's slide. Plans are afoot to move the body to PEI, so it can be reinterred next to his wife at the Tryon United Church cemetery. And then sliding may resume without qualm at Holland School.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this census

By the time your orbs pass over these words, the 1901 online census should be up and running again. That's the 1901 *United Kingdom* census, introduced in early January – the first time English returns were put on the Net – only to find the response so overwhelming that the website – <www.census.pro.gov.uk> – promptly crashed and could not be coaxed into life – no, not even with a heart resuscitator and shots of adrenaline. Millions more long-lost-relatives seekers tried to elbow their way in on the first day than the site could bear. Details of 32 million Edwardian Englishpersons may not seem immediately germane to Canadians, but given that about a quarter of Canadians are descended from Brits, and given that genealogy is the second most popular Net activity, then the online 1901 U.K. census is a fair whoop-de-doo. It means you don't have to expend largish sums of cash to travel to England and root around in a dusty records office to find out if you're nine-hundred-and-seventh in line to the throne or descended from a sheep thief. There's a small user fee, but that is going toward the cost of scanning the 1891 and 1881 censuses for Net purposes. Then, we suppose, there'll be another crash.

He's spinning, probably

Diefenphiles and other fellow Canadians will be sorely disappointed to learn that the boyhood home of John George Diefenbaker, Canada's colourful thirteenth prime minister, which has been an attraction at Regina's Wascana Centre since 1967, is scheduled for permanent closure. The humble three-room house was moved from its rural mooring northwest of Saskatoon during Centennial year, but the Wascana Centre Authority's fiscal-restraint axe has felled its operation. Elsewhere, Sir John A. Macdonald's home in Kingston is preserved as a National Historic Site, and the homes of Wilfrid Laurier and William Lyon Mackenzie King have historic designations and are operated by Parks Canada. Will someone come to the Chief's rescue? Stay, as they say, tuned.

Take the day off

April 5: To mark the 1669 inauguration by Louis XIV of baby bonuses in New France. Don't spend it all in one place.

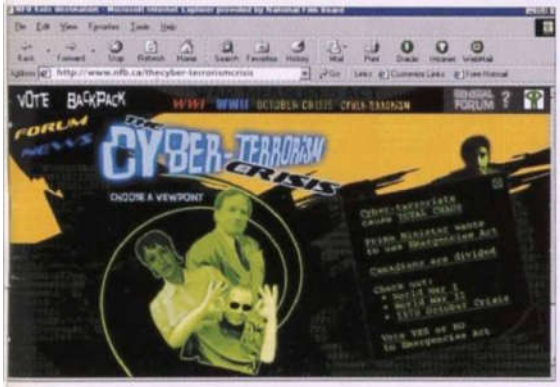
April 7: To commemorate Canada's first political assassination, the 1868 shooting of Father of Confederation Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Eschew Fenian associations.

May 2: To celebrate Northern Dancer's 1964 win of the Kentucky Derby, the first Canadian horse to do so. Bet your bottom dollar.

May 7: To honour the first exhibition in 1920 of the Group of Seven at the Art Gallery of Toronto. Express yourself.

Website of the month

Two years ago, the National Film Board began designing a Canadian history teaching tool with the working title War Measures Act Website. The idea was to engage students (and others) in the pros and cons of the federal Cabinet using special emergency powers in World Wars I and II and during the 1970 October Crisis. The website was to ask: What's more important? Individual liberty or collective security? How should the government respond to national crises? Weighty as the questions are, they nevertheless had a certain academic dustiness to them. Then, last September 11, the big elephant little Canada shares a bed with awoke with a start, and the questions became more than just conversation fodder. With the mattress shaking in the wake of the attack on the World Trade Centre in New York, the Canadian government passed the controversial Bill C-36, which was designed to combat terrorist activities. The effect is to make the NFB website, launched at the end of March at **www.nfb.ca/thecyber-terrorismcrisis**, that much more compelling.



The Cyber-Terrorism Crisis, as it is now called, begins with a fictitious scenario: computer hackers are shutting down major government databases all across the country, affecting such institutions as hospitals and airports and causing deaths. Unable to find the computer hackers and unsure how to respond, the prime minister considers invoking the 1988 Emergencies Act (which superseded the 1914 War Measures Act) to bring the crisis to an end. You get to vote: To invoke, or not invoke. The site allows viewers to read and hear from those who directly involved with the WMA proclamations. For example, Robert Borden explains why he invoked the act. Those interned under the act, such as Ukrainian-Canadians in World War I and Japanese-Canadians in World War II, and Quebecers imprisoned in 1970 during the October Crisis, give other views. The site evokes a sense of urgency beginning with a live (okay, "live") video feed of a somewhat panicked young man and continuing with flash animation, shock-horror newspaper headlines, edgy graphics, testimonies from the fictitious prime minister, average citizens, and computer hackers, and continual demands to vote! vote! vote! because time is running out. You can even create your own pages with your own points of view, which then allows the story to further evolve.

And now, we'll tell you how we voted. We voted –

Oh, no! I think we've been cut off.

No Horns Please, We're Vikings

There are two things the world can't seem to get enough of – dinosaurs and Vikings. Dinosaurs – unless it's a metaphoric reference to past politicians, say – don't often fit into our mandate here at Canada's history magazine. But Vikings? Bring those horned-helmetted guys on!

Oops! Stereotype alert! Vikings did not wear horns on their helmets. Nineteenth-century opera singers popularized the image. (It's all Wagner's fault.) So sayeth the organizers at the Canadian Museum of Civilization of *Vikings: The North Atlantic Saga*, which – should you be Ottawa bound – runs from May 8 to October 14. Besides challenging the view that Vikings were a bunch of no-good pillaging nudnicks with compelling evidence of their accomplishments in farming, trading, exploring, and artistry, the exhibit, containing more than three hundred artifacts gathered from nine institutions on both sides of the Atlantic, examines the rich legacy of the Viking journey westward to North America a thousand years ago. Recall Markland (Labrador) and Vinland (Newfoundland) from history lessons of days gone by. As well, the exhibit includes new research that suggests more extensive contact between the Norse and Canada's native people than previously suspected. Among the artifacts, for instance, is a thirteenth- to fourteenth-century Inuit wooden figurine in European attire. The arrival of Vikings on North America's northeastern shores marked the first meeting of two great streams of humanity. The CMC exhibit marks the marking.

Patriation: We Have Succeeded Despite Ourselves

In our first decade of patriation, Canadians learned – the hard way – that being free from imperial encumbrances in our constitutional affairs does not free us from our internal divisions.

On April 17, twenty years ago, beneath a brooding grey Ottawa sky, Queen Elizabeth II signed the *Canada Act* patriating Canada's Constitution. The ominous weather matched the political mood of the day. The efforts of Pierre Trudeau and his colleagues to make this day on which Canada completed its evolution to constitutional independence one of national celebration could not dissipate the political clouds. The title of a major collection of essays by Canadian scholars analyzing the significance of the event said it all – *And No One Cheered*. The Constitution had come home, but to a home still bitterly divided on constitutional fundamentals.

Patriation itself seemed on the surface to be such a simple and obvious exercise. Constitutional patriation meant that Canada's Constitution would no longer have the status of an imperial act amendable by the imperial Parliament in Westminster but would be a set of Canadian laws amendable entirely in Canada. That this change did not take place until late in the twentieth century had nothing to do with Britain's wanting to hold on to the strings of imperial power. After all, at the beginning of the twentieth century, when the Australian federation was established, Britain was happy to leave Australia's new constitution in the hands of the Australian people. No, Canada's delay in taking custody of its Constitution was not due to British recalcitrance but to our own inability to agree on the kind of a people we are.

This point requires a little explanation. In a constitutional democracy – which in spirit Canada had become long before patriation in 1982 – the written Constitution is the country's highest law. Whoever, or whatever, can make changes in that highest law is the country's highest – i.e., sovereign – political authority. Among a democratic people, constitutional sovereignty must be held by the people themselves or by those directly accountable to the people. Patriation of Canada's Constitution meant replacing the imperial Parliament as our constitutional sovereign with a democratic Canadian sovereign. But who or what in Canada can act for the Canadian people? Where is sovereignty in Canada to be located? It was the failure of Canadians to agree on an answer to that question that postponed patriation for so long.

For many Canadians, answering this question may seem easy – vest constitutional sovereignty in a majority of Canadians or the Canadian Parliament elected by a majority of Canadians. But there are many other Canadians with articulate and powerful leaders, like provincial premiers, who would never accept this answer. They would – and did – insist that Canada is a federal country in which the people are also represented through provincial legislatures, and therefore the provinces must have a share of constitutional sovereignty. If it were proposed – as indeed it was – that constitutional sovereignty be shared by the federal parliament and provincial legislatures representing a majority of Canadians, Quebec leaders elected to govern that province would insist – and did – that since their province is the homeland of one of Canada's founding peoples, a simple majority of provinces was not enough – Quebec itself must have a veto over any constitutional changes affecting its powers. By the 1970s, Canada's aboriginal peoples were also demanding recognition and a role in any constitutional changes concerning them.

This profound question of deciding on the locus of constitutional sovereignty in our country was referred to by political leaders and journalists in classically untheoretical, understated Canadianese as the problem of finding an amending formula – as if it were like finding a good recipe for a cake. The amending formula question became ever so much more difficult to resolve consensually when political leaders, first in Quebec, then in Ottawa, and after that virtually everywhere else, became convinced that patriation should be accompanied by a wholesale restructuring of the Constitution to fulfill their "vision" of Canada. The trouble, of course, was that these leaders, like the people they represent, harboured very different visions of

constitutional perfection. Through the 1970s much political energy was spent on trying to reach a broad consensus on patriation and constitutional reform. Finally, in October 1980, Pierre Trudeau, fresh from his victory over the Quebec separatists and tired of negotiating with the provincial premiers, announced that his government – with or without the provinces – would proceed to patriate the Canadian Constitution on the basis of his "people's package" of constitutional reforms.

CANADIAN PRESS CP

Pierre Trudeau and Queen Elizabeth, April 17, 1982.

The people's package contained three principal components. First – and foremost in Trudeau's appeal to the people – was the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Second was recognition of the rights of Canada's aboriginal peoples. Third was a formula for amending Canada's Constitution entirely in Canada – the key to patriation. Though many Canadians had the impression that Canada was adopting a new Constitution in 1982, these three elements, plus a tiny increment of power to the provinces over trade in natural resources, were the only substantial changes patriation effected in Canada's Constitution. The old original BNA Act – now repackaged as the *Constitution Act 1867* – was still intact.

Trudeau was prodded first by the British Parliament (which had to agree to sever the umbilical cord) and then by the Supreme Court of Canada to seek the provinces' approval of his people's package. By making a few changes, he was able to secure the support of all the provinces except Quebec. Not only did the people's package make no concessions to Quebec's demands for special status, it denied Quebec a veto over constitutional changes affecting its powers. On November 25, 1981, the Quebec National Assembly, with support from federalists as well as sovereignists, passed a decree rejecting the patriation package. While the decree had no legal force, it was the darkest cloud on Canada's political horizon.

Patriation was followed by a frantic decade of constitutional politics as Canada's political leaders endeavoured to secure constitutional changes designed to meet the discontents left over from patriation. First came a 1983 conference with aboriginal leaders that produced agreement on a constitutional amendment recognizing land-claim agreements as constitutionally protected treaties. This was the first time the new patriated amending system was put to use. From there on in it was all downhill. The three aboriginal-focused conferences that followed failed to reach agreement on recognizing the aboriginal people's inherent right to govern their own societies. Then in 1987 came the struggle to "bring Quebec back into the constitutional family" by adopting the Meech Lake Accord that, among other things, would recognize Quebec as a "distinct society" and restore Quebec's constitutional veto. When the three-year time limit for ratification ran out in 1990 with Manitoba and Newfoundland still not agreeing, we moved on to an heroic attempt to please everyone with a huge bundle of constitutional changes – the Charlottetown Accord. This effort culminated in rejection of the Charlottetown Accord in the October 1992 referendum.

In our first decade of patriation, Canadians learned – the hard way – that being free from imperial encumbrances in our constitutional affairs does not free us from our internal divisions. Just as importantly, we learned how destructively distracting it can be to try to heal these differences by seeking agreement on a big constitutional deal – all the more so when there is an insistence on popular ratification of important constitutional changes. And so the second decade of patriation, except for the 1995 Quebec referendum, has been relatively quiescent constitutionally speaking. The rancour and indecisiveness of the 1995 referendum may even have cured Quebecers of the constitutional fever.

Abandoning the quest for a big-bang resolution of constitutional differences has not put Canada into a constitutional deep freeze. The new patriated amending process has been used to make changes of regional importance – such as recognizing New Brunswick's bicultural nature, removing Newfoundland and Quebec from the shackles of obsolete denominational education guarantees, and enabling Prince Edward Island to trade in a steamboat for a bridge link to mainland Canada. We have used more informal instruments of constitutional change to enable the Inuit of the Eastern Arctic to enjoy home rule in Nunavut, to facilitate our adjustment to globalization by removing internal and external barriers to free trade, and to put federal-provincial relations on a more cooperative footing in a new social union. Quebec's opting out of the latter without fiscal penalty provides *de facto* recognition of the special status it could not win *de jure*.

Two decades after taking charge of our own constitutional affairs, we Canadians have learned an important lesson about the Constitution. It is possible for our country not only to survive but to be a relatively prosperous and peaceful homeland for us all and a constructive member of the international community, even though we may well remain divided on some constitutional fundamentals. In this sense, patriation has succeeded despite ourselves.

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

Peter H. Russell was a professor of political science at the University of Toronto from 1958 until his retirement in 1996. He has published extensively on Canada's constitutional politics. His best-known book is *Constitutional Odyssey: Can Canadians Become a Sovereign People?* (University of Toronto Press, 1993).

Warrior Woman:

The Legend of Madeleine de Verchères

by Colin M. Coates

When Iroquois attacked the family fort in 1692, Madeleine de Verchères dressed as a man and took command.

Or so she said.

Fact or fancy, the story of the teenaged heroine has turned out to be one of Canada's more mutable myths.

MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES - 1678-1747
NÉE à Sorel, l'héroïne nationale du Canada français. Le 22 octobre 1692, à l'âge de 14 ans et demi, avec l'aide de ses deux frères âgés de 12 et de 10 ans respectivement, elle défendit avec succès le Fort de Verchères contre 45 Iroquois. Elle symbolise l'héroïsme féminin de la Nouvelle-France. Décédée à Sainte-Anne de la Pérade.
HIER
AUJOURD'HUI
CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / AN 19750117-008

Madeleine de Verchères, 1678–1747, Hier, Aujourd'hui *by Adam Sherriff Scott (1887–1980), used as a recruitment poster in World War II.*

On October 22, 1692, fourteen-year-old Madeleine de Verchères, the child heroine of New France, transformed herself into a cross-dressing woman warrior. At least that is what she told the wife of the king's minister when she asked for her help in obtaining a pension. How else was she effectively to justify her actions? After all, in seventeenth-century France and New France, military matters were largely the province of men. The occasional woman who became involved in such events had to explain how and why she crossed the boundaries of gender roles. Madeleine de Verchères claimed that she disguised herself as a man to defend her family fort against an Iroquois attack, and in doing so, she adopted an acceptable, if slightly risky, cultural persona – that of the woman warrior.

There is no convincing corroborating evidence for Verchères's accounts of her own heroism. While the accuracy of Verchères's accounts cannot therefore be determined, the analysis of her own depiction of the incident is worth considering in its own right. The absence of contemporary firsthand confirmation of her heroism does not mean that we must either reject her history as being merely an invention or without historical interest. Verchères was clearly a problematic figure, both in her own lifetime and for subsequent enthusiasts. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, she became one of the key heroic figures celebrated by French and English Canadians. The treatment of her story reveals some of the limitations on women who clearly went beyond the bounds of gendered identities.

In 1692, Madeleine de Verchères was the oldest child of the seigneurial lord left in the family fort, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence to the east of Montreal island. An Iroquois attack in late October, apparently during harvesting, caught the inhabitants of Verchères unaware. Madeleine was about four hundred paces from the fort when the Iroquois attacked and captured some twenty people. Running back to the fort, she unknotted her scarf just as a warrior grabbed it, and she succeeded in shutting the gate. Climbing up to the bastion, she placed a soldier's hat on her head and thus transformed herself into a woman warrior. She then fired the cannon to warn the neighbouring forts. In summary form, this was how Verchères explained her heroic feat some seven years after the event.

Despite its picturesque detail, the story of Verchères's defence did not find its way into the official dispatches sent every autumn from the governor and

Born at Verchères, Quebec, in 1678, the fourth (and oldest surviving) of twelve children, Marie-Madeleine Jarret de Verchères was fourteen when the incident that would illuminate her life occurred. In October 1692, the family fort was attacked by Iroquois while her father and mother were absent. According to the first of two later recollections, written in 1699, she managed – though some distance from the fort when the attack began – to slip from a pursuer who had grabbed the kerchief around her neck by unknotting it. Reaching the fort and shutting the gate against the attackers, she donned a soldier's hat and directed the defence. Despite the danger, the Iroquois raid on Verchères received only brief mention in dispatches of the day.

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The Iroquois attack on Fort Verchères, 1692. Madeleine closes the gate, *by Charles William Jefferys (1869–1951).*

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Locket, watercolour on ivory, painted by Gerald Sinclair Hayward (1845–1926).

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 13935

intendant, the chief colonial military and civil officials, to the king's minister in France. A brief reference to an Iroquois raid on Verchères mentioned that some people had been killed and others captured. But no reference to the young woman's heroic feat, at least among the surviving records from the period, predates a 1699 petition.

In this petition, Verchères appealed to the wife of the French minister of the marine, the minister responsible for the colony of New France. She begged her permission to reveal a story illustrating the attachment of colonial men and women to the king's service. "Although my sex does not allow me to have other inclinations than those demanded of me, nonetheless, permit me, Madame," Verchères requested, "to tell you that I have feelings that draw me to glory as do many men." Verchères claimed that she had adopted the guise of a woman warrior. When she reached the fort, she threw off her headdress: "I then transformed myself by placing the soldier's helmet on my head." In recognition of her feat and her father's fifty-five years of service to the Crown, Verchères requested a "small pension" of fifty *écus*, the same as many officers' wives received. Alternatively, she requested a post of ensign for her brother, who was a cadet in the colonial troops.

It is difficult to know why Verchères waited some seven years to request the pension for her act of bravery. Her father died a few months after the letter was sent and perhaps he had been ill. Possibly the timing can be explained by a change in the colonial hierarchy. Governor Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, died in late November 1698, after the last ships had left for France, and he was succeeded by Hector de Callière. Did the change in governor allow Verchères better to make her case to the minister? Alternatively, perhaps Verchères wished to risk her chances because she had learned of a parallel case in metropolitan France.

In the same year as Verchères defended the family fort in New France, Philis de la Tour du Pin de La Charce rallied peasants in the Dauphiné region in southeastern France to stop an invasion by the troops of the Duke of Savoy. Being from the "honourable house of Gouvernet," she had placed herself at the head of her vassals, and led the defence of the area. As a result, she received a royal pension of 2,000 francs in 1694, and the feat was noted by courtiers. Like Philis, Verchères's heroism was justified by the circumstances. Neither woman was one of the rare cross-dressing women who entered European armies for adventure and escape. They were temporary warriors, both of a superior social class, willing to fulfill their duties to the king as nobles when the demand was urgent. Coincidentally, Verchères's father was from the Dauphiné as well.

Verchères presented herself to posterity as one of the leading heroines of New France. Apart from the small number of contemporary references, her heroism was only referred to occasionally during the hundred years or so following her death in 1747.

On receipt of Verchères's petition, the king's minister wrote to Intendant Jean Bochart de Champigny to inquire into the veracity of Verchères's story. Champigny's reply confirmed the broad outlines of the story, without providing an enthusiastic endorsement of Verchères: "What she says is true (*'véritable'*)," commented the intendant rather tersely. But he was more concerned with noting the achievements of Verchères's late father and the difficult circumstances that his widow faced. The minister granted the request of the pension, 150 livres per year. In subsequent annual financial accounts, the amount granted to Verchères was conveyed to her not in her own name, but as her father's daughter: "to the daughter of the late sire Verchères, reformed lieutenant during his lifetime."

Only a few specific accounts survive from contemporaries of Madeleine de Verchères. The one by the French official Claude-Charles Le Roy de La Potherie is the most interesting because it is likely the original basis of Verchères's own petition. La Potherie's book *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale* was first published in 1722. But most of the book was apparently written by 1702, shortly after he left New France. La Potherie spent most of the rest of his life on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe. He includes in the book two accounts of the heroine's feat, the second one being an almost verbatim version of Verchères's petition. For the author of the book, the incident was yet another indicative detail revealing the loyalty of colonials to the king and their reliance on "protection" from their social superiors at court.

It is likely that Verchères benefited from La Potherie's advice in writing her account. In his book, La Potherie states that "Two years ago, I recommended her feat to the Count de Pontchartrain [the minister responsible for colonies], who is the protector of Canadians. She also wrote to Madame the Countess de Pontchartrain, to beg her to act in the same way towards Canadian women." La Potherie was a member of Verchères's social circle, having married her relative Élisabeth de Saint-Ours. Like her, La Potherie was also used to being a supplicant for favours from the king's minister. He certainly had the literary talents to formulate a successful petition for a pension.

The later and better-known work of Father François-Xavier de Charlevoix, *Journal d'un voyage fait par ordre du roi dans l'Amérique septentrionale* (1744) relied on La Potherie's work for some of his material. Probably this was where he located Verchères's story, although it is also likely that he encountered Verchères herself during his years in the colony. Charlevoix added further details about her cross-dressing, making the process more com-

plete: she took off her headdress, knotted her hair, and donned a hat and a jerkin. Changing her uniform from time to time, and always firing well, Verchères succeeded in convincing the Iroquois that the fort was heavily manned. For Charlevoix, Verchères was a true "Amazon," and for him the story illustrated yet again the ways in which providence protected the struggling French colony.

Verchères wrote a second account of her youthful bravery, which she likely appended to a request for an increase in her pension, some time after 1726. This was a lengthier, more detailed account of the original feat, and it included the description of a later heroic incident. This version of her story contained some different information than the 1699 account. Here Verchères claimed that she was five arpents (about three hundred metres) away from her family's fort when forty-five Iroquois attacked. Too far away to pursue her directly, they stopped to fire upon her, but she managed to make it back to the fort. Faced with two frightened soldiers hiding in the redoubt, and women lamenting the loss of their husbands, she took command, "without regard for my sex, nor for the weakness of my age." She stopped the soldiers from exploding the munitions, placed a hat on her head, and grabbed a rifle. With her two younger brothers, she fired cannon and gunshots at the Iroquois, and she ordered all the scared women and children to be silent. During the next eight days, Verchères risked opening the gates of the fort four times: to rescue some laundry left down by the river, to save Pierre Fontaine and his family, who had just arrived at the shore in their canoe, to allow in some livestock, and finally to greet the rescue party led by Lieutenant de La Monnerie. Verchères was unlike all the other women, especially the fearful wife of Pierre Fontaine, who begged to be taken away from the fort to a more secure location.

To this more detailed account, Verchères added a second feat of heroism, which she dated to 1722. In this case, her ill husband, lying in bed at their home in his seigneury of Sainte-Anne de la Pérade to the east of Trois-Rivières, was attacked by a group of angry Abenaki, although the object of their dispute was unclear. Verchères intrepidly led the defence once again: "I flew towards the Indian," she wrote. "I grabbed his tomahawk, and disarmed him. He tried to jump onto a chest, but I hit him in the stomach and saw him fall at my feet." Verchères was herself surrounded by four Abenaki women, and on the verge of being thrown into the fire, when her twelve-year-old son rescued her. Finally, Verchères and her family gained the upper hand, and the Abenaki surrendered.

Whatever the veracity of the second – or indeed the first – account of her bravery, Verchères presented herself to posterity as one of the leading heroines of New France.

Apart from the small number of contemporary references, her heroism was only referred to occasionally during the hundred years or so following her death in 1747. The story crops up in various travellers' accounts and biographical compendia. For instance, the 1788 *Sketches of the History of Man* used the account to demonstrate what Scottish Enlightenment author Lord Kames interpreted as the cowardliness of the Iroquois. Unable to conquer a fort defended by a woman, the Iroquois in Kames's reading, "abound not with active courage, [though] their passive courage [for instance, in the face of torture] is beyond conception." Kames's perspective on the story was unique, as most other versions merely restated the brief version contained in Charlevoix's 1744 book. Otherwise, the story of the young girl's heroism was largely forgotten. But from the 1860s, when Verchères's two letters were discovered in the French archives and republished for Canadian audiences, the young woman began to occupy a privileged position as one of the leading heroic figures of Canadian history.

In many countries in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, political and intellectual elites rediscovered the heroes and heroines of their nations' pasts, constructing them into a pantheon of exemplary figures. Their stories were then used to inculcate nationalistic values among children and immigrants. On the one hand, Verchères posed something of a problem in this context. If anything, gender roles were even more normative at this time than had been the case in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet Verchères still fit the bill for anxious nationalists in both French and English Canada. With Verchères, Canadians could lay claim to a Joan-of-Arc figure, a virginal, young woman who inspired and led a defensive military struggle. Yet like Verchères, Joan of Arc tested gender roles. After all, the ostensible reason for Joan's death was her adoption of male garb rather than her military feats. Nevertheless, Joan of Arc's star was in the ascendant in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as poems, histories, plays, and statues commemorated her heroic contributions. Her story was celebrated, not only in France, but also in Britain, the United States, and Canada. Her virginal heroism was acclaimed by

For Earl Grey, governor general of Canada from 1904–1911, Madeleine de Verchères's history suggested "the highest ideals of citizenship." He was instrumental in having a statue of the adolescent heroine erected on a bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

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COURTESY COLIN M. COATES

Madeleine lighting a cannon, from a 1921 school poster by J.-B. Lagacé.

COURTESY COLIN M. COATES

23. DEFENCE OF "CASTLE DANGEROUS" BY MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES, OCTOBER 1692.

Early twentieth-century tobacco silk.

The fourteen-year-old heroine is depicted as a somewhat more mature figure in this early Molson beer advertisement.

Monument à Madeleine de Verchères, *1913 by Louis-Philippe Hébert.*

PATRICK ALTMAN / MUSÉE DU QUÉBEC

For a century following her death in 1747, Madeleine de Verchères's story received scant attention. But as nation building grew in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, she was rediscovered and recast as a heroic figure of Canadian history, in the Joan-of-Arc mold of the virginal warrior woman, and rendered in paintings and sculpture, as well as in literature aimed at school children. As her popularity grew, the warrior persona was downplayed.

a wide range of enthusiasts, from campaigners for women's rights to anti-Semitic French nationalists. Ultimately, Joan of Arc was canonized in 1920.

Like Joan of Arc, Verchères inspired many forms of commemoration, many of which were aimed at children. She was, and remains, the most famous adolescent in Canadian history. But her story appealed to adults as well. In the first decade of the twentieth century, Governor General Lord Grey latched onto her story, which he saw as one of the most inspirational of Canadian history. He bumptiously cajoled politicians to erect a permanent and striking statue to her memory. He acquired a copy of the statuette made by the famous French-Canadian artist Louis-Philippe Hébert, and sent it up to Quebec City with Postmaster General Rodolphe Lemieux. Lemieux was not only to place it in a prominent position on the train journey up to Quebec City, he was also supposed to put it on the dinner table where Quebec and Ottawa politicians met, and thus "fire [Quebec Premier Lomer] Gouin with the desire to find such money as may be required to signify the great entrance to Canada by the erection on Verchères bluff of a figure which will tell the immigrant that the heroic virtues are the bedrock foundation of Canadian greatness." For Lord Grey, the Verchères statue was to be no less than a Canadian equivalent to the Statue of Liberty: "The contrast between the message conveyed by the statue of Madeleine de Vercheres on the St. Lawrence, and the statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York Harbour, will be wholly in favour of the Dominion. In too many cases the statue of Liberty suggests only license and the freedom to pursue individual, at the expense of the public, interest; while the history of Madeleine de Vercheres will suggest the highest ideals of citizenship."

Premier Gouin withstood the governor general's entreaties, but Canadian prime minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier finally conceded. Laurier agreed to a federal government contribution of $25,000. After Laurier's defeat in the 1911 election, incoming prime minister Borden maintained the project. Finally, on a cold and wet September day, the statue was unveiled in Verchères, down by the waterfront, below the cliff where the striking parish church was located. Situated on top of a crenellated battlement, with an old windmill nearby, the statue seemed to embody the heroic past of this rural community.

This heroic image of Verchères was not that of a cross-dresser. The artist had himself wrestled with the problem of making her too manlike. Louis-Philippe Hébert told a reporter in 1908 that he did not wish to transform Verchères into a woman warrior: "Sometimes I felt that trying to translate all her beautiful energy, I would turn my young heroine into a virago." Along with most representations of the heroine, Hébert gave Verchères a male hat, but the figure's body and dress did not permit any question about her sex. The reporter concluded, "More than

one Canadian seeing it as he sails up the St. Lawrence will say that there is no prettier girl under the blue sky." At the unveiling ceremony in 1913, one official speaker compared the heroine of New France to Joan of Arc: "If the kingdom of France was delivered and regenerated by Joan of Arc, this colony, then French in its cradle, was exemplified by Madeleine de Verchères." Verchères was a female heroine for the commemorators in 1913, her bravery replicated by Ontario's French-Canadian school teachers who refused to stop teaching French to their pupils, despite the infamous Regulation 17, which restricted elementary-school-level teaching in the language in the province. Like other figures of both French and English Canada, Verchères could be enlisted in nationalistic causes. Yet this is a more domesticated heroine than the one whose personality is portrayed in the earliest accounts.

Along with Laura Secord, the heroine of the War of 1812, Madeleine de Verchères was one of the few women who could take her place alongside Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Governor Frontenac, and General Brock.

A demure, if valiant, Verchères was also the subject of the first French-Canadian feature-length film, *Madeleine de Verchères*. A small company of local talents combined forces to produce a silent 1920s melodrama. Filmed "on location" at the Mohawk settlement of Kahnawake south of Montreal in a small purpose-built fort, the intrigue centred around a conflation of stories about her heroism and her love interest in her future husband, Pierre-Thomas de la Pérade. The film begins with La Pérade about to leave the fort. Verchères hangs a cross around his neck as she bids him adieu.

Perhaps the insertion of this love story required a more mature actress than the fourteen-year-old true-life Madeleine. Nineteen-year-old Estelle Bélanger assumed the lead role. She escapes from the Iroquois attacker, leaving her kerchief in his hand. She then fires the cannon, and rescues the laundry and the Lafontaine party. Captain La Monnerie finally relieves the fort and rescues the prisoners, congratulating Verchères, "You have saved the country." Verchères replies, "I have only performed my duty." The film ends with a prayer of thanksgiving in the fort.

Contemporary reactions to the film were guarded, yet positive. Many reports agreed that the Mohawk actors added most of the excitement in the film. Commentators agreed on the desire to encourage a local film industry, yet they could not ignore the deficiencies in plot and execution. For instance, Verchères uses her apron as wadding for the cannon, yet she is depicted wearing the apron in a later scene. Whatever the technical problems, the film is clear on one score: at no time, despite her soldier's hat, does Verchères lose her femininity. The early twentieth-century Verchères may have been brave, and her bravery may have been useful for nationalists of different stripes, but she was no woman warrior.

In the period when schoolchildren from coast to coast in Canada learned by heart the feats of the heroes and heroines of the country's past, Verchères figured prominently in school readers and plays. Along with the heroine of the War of 1812, Laura Secord, she was one of the few women who could take her place alongside Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Governor Frontenac, and General Brock.

It is impossible to know how much of either of the stories Verchères told was "true." There is enough evidence to suggest that her contemporaries recognized Verchères's heroism, even if some of the details are uncertain. But the rhetorical form she chose to depict her actions is interesting in its own light. We do know that Verchères considered the most successful way to portray her actions to the minister's wife in France was to claim that she had cross-dressed. When Verchères became a popular figure, this aspect of her story largely disappeared. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, at the time when she was most celebrated as a heroic figure, Verchères remained a feminine, brave symbol of fortitude. Yet two centuries earlier, Verchères knew that what she had done went far beyond the usual actions for women of her own day, and she therefore needed to be recognized – and rewarded – as a woman warrior.

Still photograph taken during the filming of Madeleine de Verchères, *1922.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 028624

Colin M. Coates is the director of the Centre for Canadian Studies at the University of Edinburgh and coauthor of *Heroines and History: Representations of Madeleine de Verchères and Laura Secord* published by University of Toronto Press.

et cetera

Heroines and History: Representations of Madeleine de Verchères and Laura Secord by Colin M. Coates and Cecilia Morgan. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2002.

Amazons and Military Maids: Women Who Dressed as Men in the Pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness by Julie Wheelwright. Pandora, London, 1989.

Home
A Transatlantic

by Dave De Brou

The latest in transatlantic travel brought my grandfather from Westminster, U.K., to Canada at the beginning of the twentieth century; my own voyage began with the latest in transatlantic technology at the end of twentieth century. I suspect we shared the same wonderment and anxiety as the worlds that we knew changed forever. His world was British and fashioned by poverty and deprivation; my world was Canadian and built on some kind of notion of at least partial Gallic roots, ones that had shaped my scholarly and personal life. Then in a brief, electronic moment in the summer of 1999, both our worlds changed forever, as his future became my past.

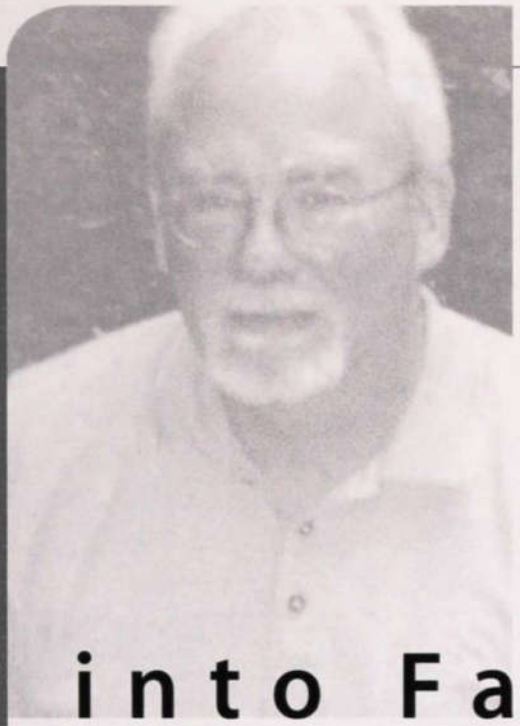
"I have finally tracked you down." This short e-mail message that I received on August 9, 1999 – although I did not know it at the time – altered my view of myself and my place in this world. It continued: "I am a De Brou from England; I'd appreciate any info on any common ancestry. If you reply, then I'll e-mail you my family history and some details of speculation that we have made. Thanks, Austin De Brou." I was intrigued but viewed the message routinely. I had indulged in the Internet roots game myself but had received no responses from the few website authors that my Internet search engines had uncovered. The one exception came from a De Brou in Belgium who had responded kindly to my query but had said that she had never heard any talk about relations in Canada so she suspected that there were no connections between our two families. That had been in August 1996.

Austin De Brou

I doubted De Brous had English roots. I had heard my maternal grandfather describe my grandfather De Brou as "the little Frenchman." Thus, I had always assumed my roots lay either in Quebec, France, or Belgium. Besides, my grandfather De Brou had married an Aimée Blondin, supposedly the granddaughter of the great Charles Blondin, the tightrope-walking Frenchman who had conquered Niagara Falls. Thus, family lore repeated that while my maternal side was Irish, my paternal side was French. That, along with the fact that I spent the first seven years of my life in the Montreal area, had shaped the road I would take as a university student and eventually as a scholar.

Driven, I think, by a natural interest in the past (at ages twelve and thirteen my favourite books had historical settings) and an almost guilty feeling that French was not my maternal tongue, I saw myself, perhaps unconsciously, as a kind of scholarly knight who would restore honour to the family's French name. At university as a history major, I grav-

The only known photograph (left) of the author's grandfather, James Francis De Brou (1900–1953), taken from a video of home movies shot in the 1950s by the author's father (also James Francis, below, centre). James Francis Sr. kept his origins secret from his family, but they slowly emerged through genealogical research. The final revelatory piece of the puzzle was discovered by the author (below, right).



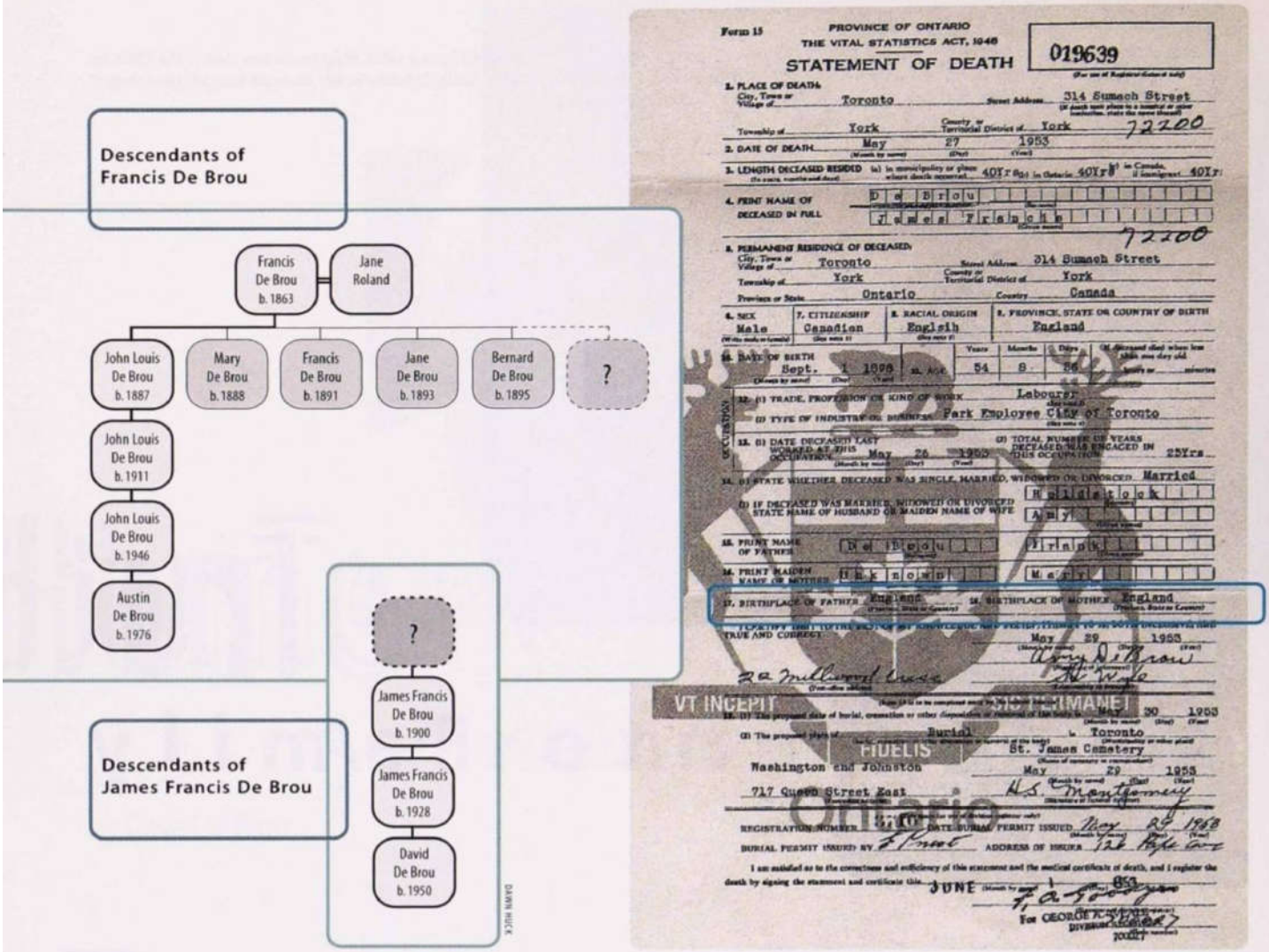
Truth

Journey into Family

itated toward Canadian essay topics that forced me to read in French. I also took a couple of French-language courses, no matter how difficult they were for me. After I graduated with my three-year history degree in the fall of 1972, I travelled in France for three months. In the winter of 1973–74, I lived within the old part of Quebec City, going daily to an ancient church building that housed the library of the *Institut Canadien*. There I read the historical work of the famous Abbé Groulx. In time, I made my way to the history department of the University of Ottawa, which welcomed my interest in Quebec history and my attempts at becoming bilingual. I took most of my graduate courses in French, but found the required extra hours invigorating. I was on a mission.

Even my personal life had a French twist. Half my friends were French: some truly bilingual, others more comfortable in French. For a short two-year interlude, I was even a French elementary teacher. Unable to slake my thirst for Quebec history, I returned to do my PhD with the well-known *professeur* Fernand Ouellet. At Ottawa, I met my future wife, who had "come back" to Canada where her French roots in Quebec dated to the sixteenth century. Originally from New Hampshire, my wife's family only viewed Canada through the eyes of its Quebec aunts, uncles, and cousins. Indeed, on my first visit to my future in-laws, one of my wife's American nieces asked me in a loud, deliberate voice so that I would understand her: "Do you speak English?" I celebrated. I had partially achieved my goal.

From this perspective, I viewed Austin De Brou's I've-tracked-you-down electronic message. I replied perfunctorily on that same day in August: "Finally someone else looking for the De Brou clan. Not much info at this end. I am one of five children whose father James Francis De Brou (1928–1958) was the single offspring of my grandfather James Francis De Brou (1900?–1950s?). As you can see, not much to go on – my grandfather De Brou from the 1920s to his death lived in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, but before that I am not sure. My grandfather on my mother's side described him as the little French man." Austin De Brou's response was in the form of a family-tree document which contained lots of De Brou names that I did not recognize – a few *John Louis*, a *Mike*, an *Annie*, a *Jane*, and a *Louisa*. I noted a *James* and a *Frank*, but in the end told Austin two weeks later that I had "very little information re: the De Brous in Canada – a single son of a single son and both deceased since the 1950s." Although I was intrigued by Austin's e-mails, I did not really have much to offer since all of my relatives who might know something were no longer



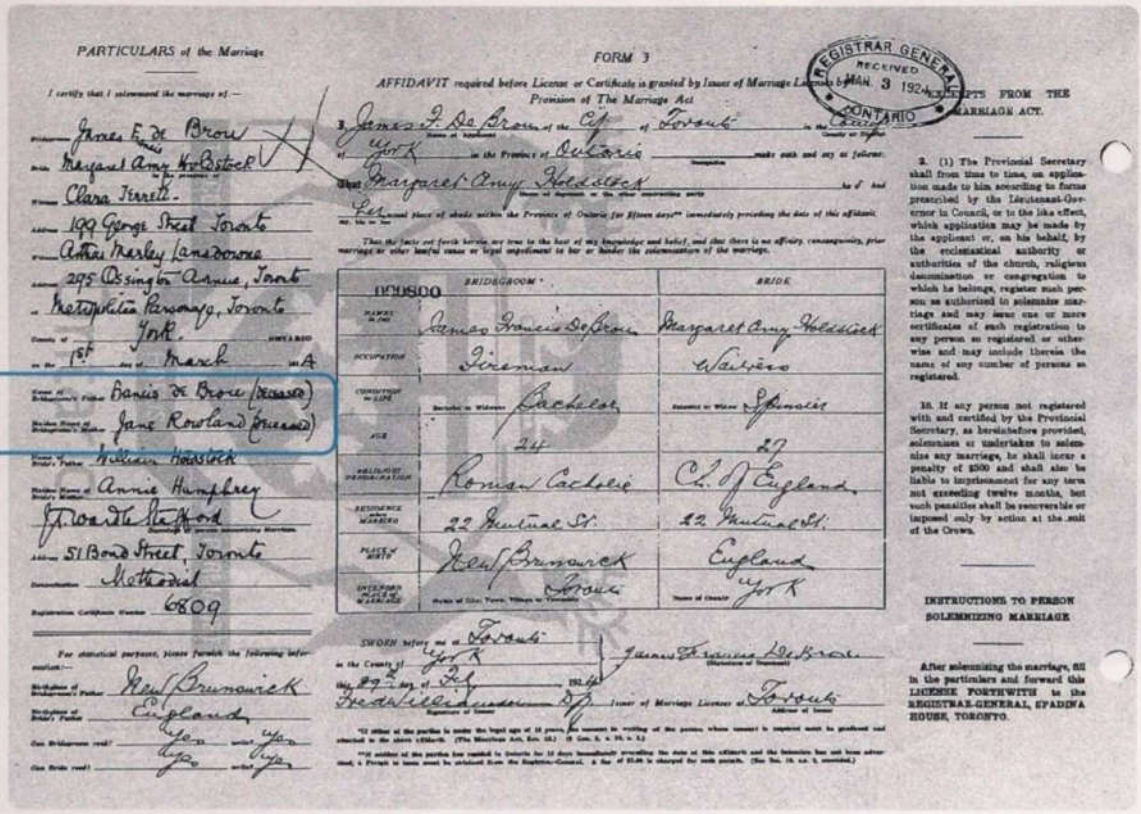
alive (my father died in 1958, my mother in 1987, and my maternal grandfather in 1994).

The most fascinating elements of Austin's family tree were the children of Francis De Brou (born 1863) and Jane Roland; this generation was born in the same era as my grandfather (see chart, upper left). Furthermore, *Francis* was a common reoccurring name among the U.K. De Brous, the same name that found favour in three generations of the Canadian De Brous (see chart above). Both my father and grandfather shared *Francis* as a middle name, while my parents named my only sister *Frances*. Another genealogical phenomenon that both set of families shared was the propensity to pass on family first names to the next generation. For the Canadian De Brous it was *James Francis*; for the U.K. De Brous it was *John Louis* and *Francis*. These observations finally convinced Austin and me that perhaps we had more in common than late-night Internet travelling. In an e-mail in mid-October 1999, Austin's growing excitement was evident: "Arrgh! I've just read what you wrote some time ago! The second Francis here was born in 1891. This makes him contemporary with your grandfather James Francis De Brou. Further he had a brother John Louis who after using the names of his father, Francis, his own name, and that of his sister, called his other son James. I find this a somewhat marked coincidence, and begin to wonder if maybe there isn't the slightest whiff of a connection. This could make you – my second cousin once removed?" My response was equally enthusiastic. That same day I reported to Austin: "I think things are heating up here. If I read your message correctly, we may share the same great-grandfather." But even though it was beginning to feel right, we still needed documentation to support our speculations.

Inspired by Austin, a twenty-four-year-old with the genealogical bug, I decided to spend some money and time to see if my grandfather had any kind of official record in Canada. I did not know the exact year of his birth or death, but remembered with the help of my older brother that my grandfather had died in the 1950s in his fifties. One month later, I had in my hands my grandfather's statement of death (see above). The document astonished me in two ways. First, it confirmed that my grandfather, "the little Frenchman," was indeed born in England and that he had immigrated to Canada forty years earlier (1913). Second, my so-called French Quebec grandmother Aimée Blondin was also born in England; more stunning was the news that her name was Amy Holdstock. Suddenly, my *grande-maman* had become my Nana.

But what of my connection to Austin De Brou? My

Statement of death (left) for James Francis De Brou (1900–1953) destroyed the author's notion of French origins for either of his grandparents. Marriage certificate of James Francis De Brou and Margaret Amy Holdstock (below) revealed the groom's parents' names and the author's link to his English cousin, Austin. But the groom's birthplace and date were at odds with other information.



PARTICULARS of the Marriage

FORM 3

AFFIDAVIT required before Licence or Certificate is granted by Issuer of Marriage Licences under Provision of The Marriage Act.

REGISTRAR GENERAL RECEIVED MAR 3 1924 ONTARIO

	BRIDEGROOM	BRIDE
Name in full	James Francis De Brou	Margaret Amy Holdstock
Occupation	Fireman	Waitress
Condition as to Age	Bachelor	Spinster
Age	24	27
Religious Denomination	Roman Catholic	Ch. of England
Residence before Marriage	22 Mutual St.	22 Mutual St.
Place of Birth	New Brunswick	England
Birthplace of Parents	Canada	York

Sworn before me at Toronto in the County of York this 29 day of Feb 1924

Fred Hilliard Deputy

James Francis De Brou (Signature of Deponent)

Issuer of Marriage Licences at Toronto

INSTRUCTIONS TO PERSON SOLEMNIZING MARRIAGE

After solemnizing the marriage, fill in the particulars and forward this LICENSE FORTHWITH to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, SPADINA HOUSE, TORONTO.

grandfather's statement of death provided information that placed the Canadian De Brous in the U.K., but it seemed to lessen the possibility of a direct Austin-Dave link. Austin had discovered that his great-great-grandfather, Francis De Brou (b. 1863), was married to Jane Roland; the parents of my grandfather, James Francis De Brou, according to the statement of death, were Frank De Brou and Mary, with her maiden name unknown. Both Austin and I were disappointed, but like good family detectives we tried to consider all possibilities. I pointed out in my e-mail to Austin that the validity of this information, as reported in the death certificate, depended on the information provided by my grandfather's wife Amy De Brou. How much she really knew about my grandfather was not clear to me, since they had been estranged for a number of years. The statement of death indicated that my two grandparents were no longer living at the same address at the time of his death. With more experience in the genealogical game, Austin endeavoured to integrate my grandfather's reported parentage of Frank and Mary. He wrote: "Okay, I'm wondering if Frank could be Francis De Brou, b. 1863, father of my great-grandfather John Louis – b. 1887, of Francis – b. 1891 (Jnr for convenience!), and Jane – b. 1893, and Bernard – b. 1895. Now as far as I know, Francis (Senior) was married to a Jane Roland in 1887, and they were the parents of the above quartet, so we have four options: 1) No connection at all; increasingly this seems unlikely as names and dates start to correspond; 2) James Francis was a late addition and your relative [Amy Holdstock] was wrong about the name of his mother (Mary); 3) Francis Senior remarried or had a child by another woman; and 4) Frank was a relative of Francis – a cousin perhaps."

One month later, we had our answer – my grandparents' marriage certificate. On March 1, 1924, twenty-four-year-old James Francis De Brou – bachelor, fireman, and Roman Catholic – and twenty-seven-year-old Margaret Amy Holdstock – spinster, waitress, and Anglican – exchanged marriage vows in Toronto, Ontario (see marriage certificate, above). Interesting stuff, particularly James Francis's age at the time of the ceremony, listed as twenty-four in 1924, suggesting that he was born in 1899 or 1900, not 1898 as indicated in the death certificate. More remarkable was the listed "particulars of the marriage," which included the names of the bride's and groom's parents: for the bride, William Holdstock and Annie Humphrey; for the groom, Francis de Brou (deceased), and Jane Rowland (deceased). Bingo! That's what Austin and I had been waiting for. We had proof that my great-grandparents and Austin's great-

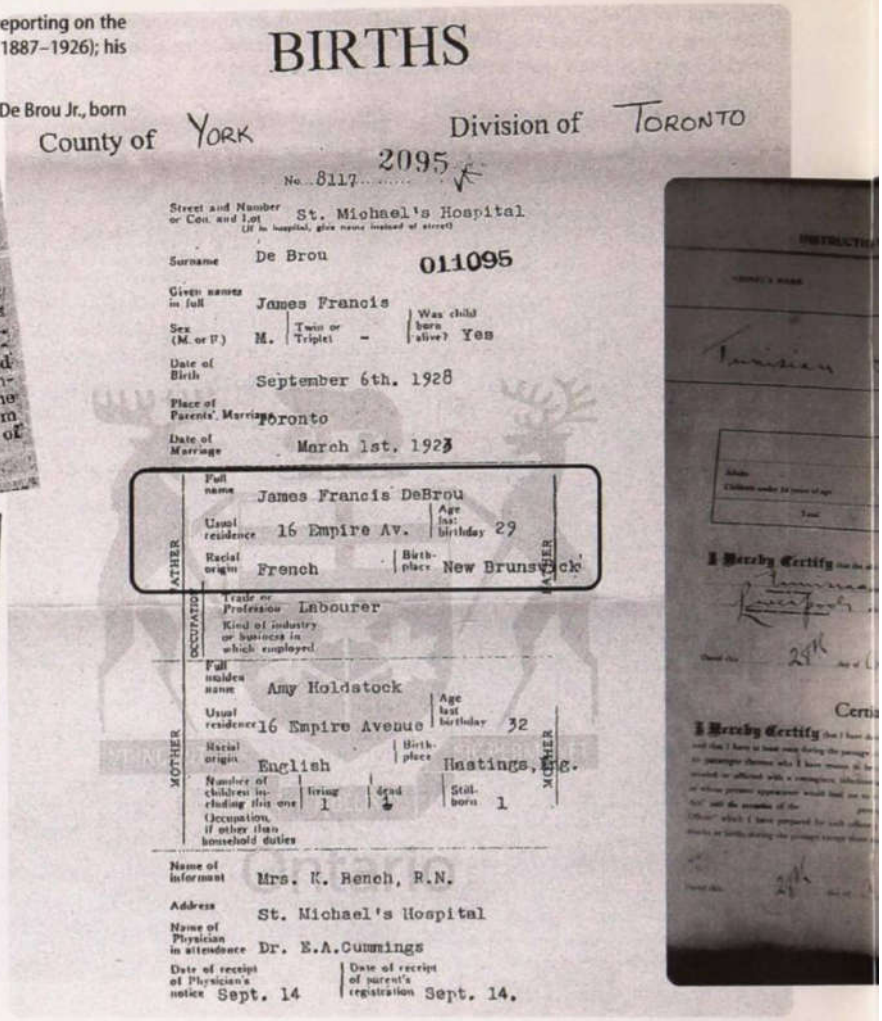
Clipping (below) from the *Times* of London for July 21, 1921, reporting on the murder trial of John Louis De Brou, the author's great-uncle (1887–1926); his prison photograph.

Certificate of birth (right) for the author's father, James Francis De Brou Jr., born September 6, 1928. Note his father's claim of French origin.

NEWSVENDOR SENTENCED TO DEATH.

JOHN LOUIS DE BROU, 34, newsvendor, was found *Guilty* at the Central Criminal Court yesterday of the murder of his wife, but was recommended to mercy by the jury. MR. JUSTICE AVORY sentenced him to death, saying that the recommendation to mercy would be forwarded to the proper quarter for consideration. MR. EUSTACE FULTON, for the prosecution, said the prisoner suffered from bad health and was constantly in and out of hospital.

J I de Brou v 230.9.11.21



BIRTHS

County of YORK Division of TORONTO

No. 8117 2095

Street and Number or Con. and Lot: St. Michael's Hospital

Surname: De Brou 011095

Given names in full: James Francis

Sex (M. or F.): M. | Twin or Triplet: - | Was child born alive? Yes

Date of Birth: September 6th. 1928

Place of Parents' Marriage: Toronto

Date of Marriage: March 1st. 1923

FATHER: Full name: James Francis DeBrou; Usual residence: 16 Empire Av.; Age last birthday: 29; Racial origin: French; Birthplace: New Brunswick

OCCUPATION: Trade or Profession: Labourer; Kind of industry or business in which employed:

MOTHER: Full maiden name: Amy Holdstock; Usual residence: 16 Empire Avenue; Age last birthday: 32; Racial origin: English; Birthplace: Hastings, Eng.

Number of children including this one: living 1; dead 1; Still-born 1

Occupation, if other than household duties:

Name of informant: Mrs. K. Bench, R.N.

Address: St. Michael's Hospital

Name of Physician in attendance: Dr. E.A.Cummings

Date of receipt of Physician's notice: Sept. 14 | Date of receipt of parent's registration: Sept. 14.

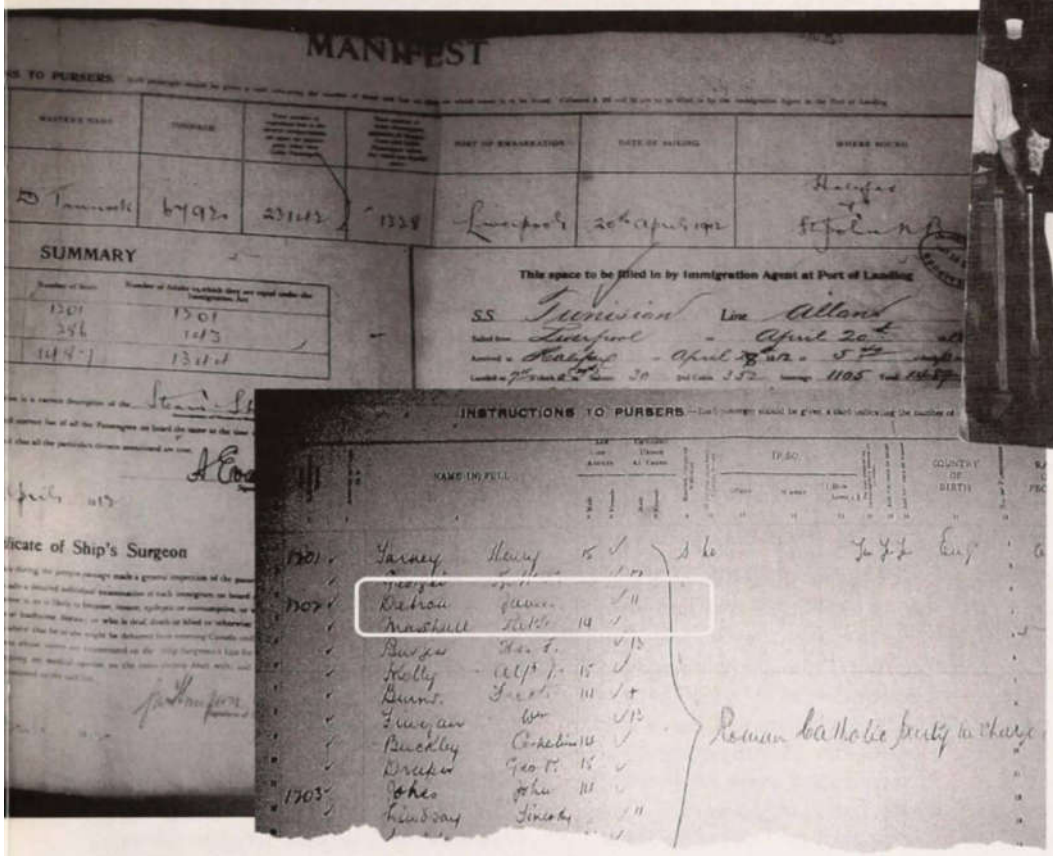
great-grandparents were the same two people: Francis De Brou and Jane Ro[w]land.

Yet, the details of the "marriage particulars," while providing the essential transatlantic link for the two De Brou families, muddied the genealogical waters. Not only had the marriage licence taken one or two years from James Francis's young life, but contrary to the statement of death, it pronounced the birthplace of James Francis and his father Francis to be, not England, but New Brunswick, Canada. As a good historian, I endeavoured to explain the conflicting information. Noting that the source of marriage information was likely the groom himself, I attempted an explanation in an e-mail to two of my brothers: "This New Brunswick birthplace is interesting. Remember that James Francis was born in 1898, 1899, or 1900; that means he could have been conscripted in the army [British or Canadian] in the 1916–1918 period. I wondered if he changed his birth date and birthplace to avoid being conscripted. Just a thought – you know how devious the De Brous can be." I was not convinced of this argument. Indeed, many young Canadian men who had emigrated from the United Kingdom in the decade prior to 1914 were among the first to volunteer for the Canadian Expeditionary Force, which eventually found itself in the blood-soaked trenches of France and Belgium.

Austin De Brou's next message revealed another possibility, one whose origins may also lie with the First World War I. According to Austin, my grandfather's brother John Louis De Brou (born in 1887) "was very ill and spent a period of time in hospitals and infirmaries after WWI." We do not know yet whether the precariousness of my great-uncle John Louis's physical and mental state was rooted in military service, but the events that took place one night in 1921 were tragic. That evening he came home and his alcoholic wife threatened him. Austin continued the grim story: "Apparently he lashed out with a razor, which was laying nearby, and then ran out into the street to the police station in a dazed state to beg the police to help." The police rushed to the house and found my great-aunt Annie dead in the bedroom; asleep in the same room were their five children, the youngest covered in the blood of their mother. My great-uncle "was tried at the Old Bailey [Central Criminal Court which included the London area] and sentenced to death, although the jury said that because of his long history of illness, his weakened state, and the fact of his wife's alcoholism, he should not be executed. The judge who forwarded his appeal to the Home Secretary said that he had had no choice but to pass the death sentence but that the Secretary should note the jury's plea for mercy." Eventually the

Passenger list (bottom) from S.S. *Tunisian*, departing Liverpool April 20,1912, shows James Debrou, age eleven, as one of a group of children under the charge of the Reverend Thomas Newsome. By the late nineteenth century, more than fifty agencies, most affiliated with religious denominations, were involved in sending British children to Canada as farm labourers. More than 100,000 children emigrated to Canada between 1869 and the early 1930s.

James Francis De Brou Jr., the author's father, wed June Maureen Farrell (below) on August 23, 1947. He worked as a printer at the Montreal *Star* until his death at age twenty-nine in May 1958, when the author was seven.



home secretary commuted his sentence to life imprisonment; my great-uncle died of heart disease in 1926. Perhaps this tragedy in 1921 was the explanation for my grandfather's statement at the time of his marriage that both he and his father were natives of New Brunswick. I speculated that reports of the De Brou murder had reached Canada and my grandfather's reaction was to disown his family in the United Kingdom. Perhaps he responded to the painful questions with, "Oh, no. I have no relatives in London. My father and I are French, and we were born in New Brunswick."

To confirm my suspicions, I searched the Toronto papers of that era for any news from London of the murderous calamity. I did not find any reports, leaving my suggestion as speculative. In fact, a copy of my father's statement of birth that I received in February 2000 again claimed Canadian origins for my grandfather. To the reporting nurse, my grandfather described himself as French and born in New Brunswick.

For the rest of the year, Austin and I were left pondering the transatlantic break between our families. Austin provided additional information about the difficult circumstances in which the United Kingdom De Brous found themselves during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. My great-uncle John Louis and great-aunt Annie Louisa, who was murdered in 1921, both worked as newspaper vendors in Piccadilly Circus in central London. The 1881 British census shows that my great-grandfather Francis lived in Westminster, London, with his widowed mother, Ellen and his fourteen-year-old sister Mary Ann. Austin uncovered that, at the time of his marriage to Jane Roland in 1887, Francis was a flower seller, and perhaps a tailor when he died sometime before 1912. Our impression that the De Brous lived in a world of poverty was confirmed by Austin in March 2000. He reported that "Francis DeBrou (spelt Debrue by the registrar) was born in 1863 on the 5th October. His birth was registered on the 27th October by Ellen Debrue nee Coffee [Coffey or Coffy]. Her address is given as Workhouse, York Street, Westminster (London, but officially the county of Middlesex). ... Francis your Great Grandfather was born in the workhouse."

Apparently, Francis's mother Ellen was as destitute as her husband, another John Louis De Brou, who was a commercial traveller not residing with his family at the time. From workhouse to selling flowers and newspapers in Piccadilly Circus, the De Brous of Westminster, it seems, were part of London's urban poor. Into this world, my grandfather, James Francis De Brou, was born on September 1, 1900. How my Westminster grandfather came to be in Canada remained a mystery until November 19, 2000.

The Little Immigrants

One day in 1909, a British children's home took six children from a woman in London whose husband had deserted her. The children were separated. Five years later, fifteen-year-old Joseph Lorente was sent to Canada.

Sitting in the railway station in Hull, Quebec, one day in 1937, Arthur Lorente heard a passerby say, "You'd better take it up with Joe Lorente." Arthur leapt up and asked, in his Cockney accent, what this Joe Lorente looked like. Could it be his brother? The man thought it unlikely. "Joe doesn't talk funny like you."

But when Joe Lorente opened his door and saw the sailor holding a duffel bag, he knew immediately Arthur was his brother. Standing behind Joe was his son Dave, who would found an organization called Home Children Canada several decades later.

Between 1868 and 1925, philanthropic children's homes sent about 100,000 children from Britain to Canada. They stayed in institutions in Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes before being sent to work as farm labourers and servants. Some were as young as two. Only about a third were orphans; some had parents who could not afford them. Often, the philanthropists who ran the homes took children from parents they considered unsuitable or shipped children to Canada without their parents' knowledge or consent.

For the British government, child emigration was a way to get rid of urban poor. For the Canadian government, it was a source of cheap labour and British immigrants. For the evangelists who ran many of the homes (such as Thomas J. Barnardo), it was a way to save the children from their parents and the temptations of the city. "They did believe that hard work and open spaces would make for good citizens," says Dave Lorente.

Joe Lorente experienced both sides of what home children found when they came to Canada. At his first assignment at a home outside Ottawa, he was threatened with a pitchfork and ran away. Members of his second foster family were much kinder, and he remained friends with them for years.

Some home children were adopted, especially the youngest ones, but most were servants who were paid low wages. If the child was younger than ten, the home would usually send money for the child's keep, although the child would still be expected to work. As the child got older and was able to work more, the family would begin to pay meagre wages, although these were usually held back until the child left as an adult. For example, a boy from Barnardo's home might receive a fee of somewhere between $100 and $200 when his indenture with a family was over.

Many of the boys were abused, and many of the girls were sent away after becoming pregnant by men on the farms where they worked. "Most of [the children], including my father, never even spoke to their own children about it," Dave Lorente says.

Many home children, growing up in an age when most people considered poverty and crime hereditary flaws, felt rejected by their parents and their country. "They were looked upon as almost subhuman," says John Sayers of the British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa.

For seven years, Sayers has been compiling a database containing the names, ages, ships, and dates of home children. It can be accessed through the National Archives of Canada website at <www.archives.ca>, which is where Dave Debrou found it.

The database is far from complete and far from perfect – the people who wrote the ship's lists often took liberties with penmanship, spellings, and dates. Many of the children were malnourished and looked younger than they were, so the immigration agents guessed their ages incorrectly. Privacy laws can also make it difficult for researchers such as Sayers to unearth records and correspondence. The agencies themselves saved few records and are not always willing or able to share them. But with the help of cross-references from immigration records and census data, Sayers continues to update the database.

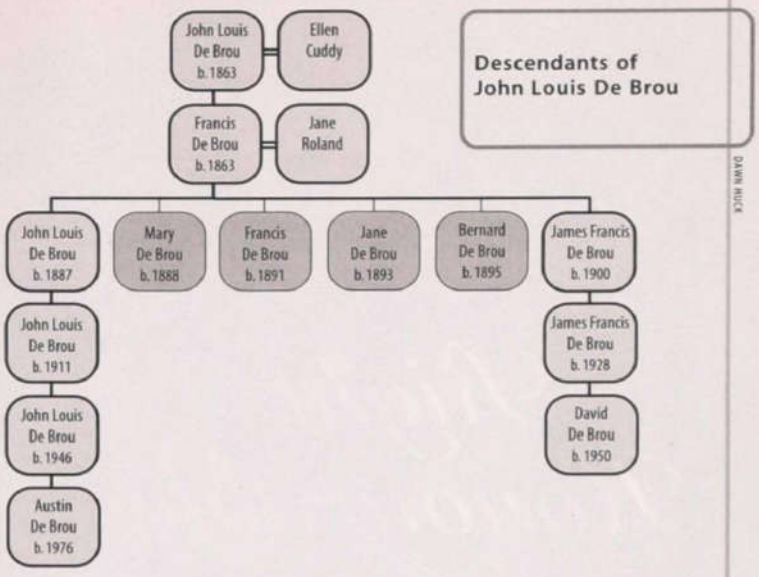
Surviving home children are learning about their past, having reunions, and shaking the stigma. They and their descendants (which some sources estimate at more than three million people) are researching their family histories through traditional methods and a myriad of Internet resources. Dave Lorente answers about three thousand letters from descendants each year.

"It's part of who you are, and whether it's good or bad, it's important to know it," Lorente says.

—Kate Heartfield

That day I was showing my fourth-year history honours class the online databases available at the National Archives of Canada (see the online research tool ArchiviaNet at www.archives.ca). To demonstrate the utility of the different primary sources, I asked the students to provide their family names for a search. No one had relatives who had volunteered for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces during World War I; no one had an ancestor who had immigrated to Canada between 1925 and 1935; and no one had a forebear who appeared in the 1871 federal census for Ontario. I then moved on to the next database – Home Children, the names of poor urban children sponsored by various British philanthropic groups and shipped from the United Kingdom to enjoy the relative healthy environment of Canada's farming communities. Since none of the students had family members that fell into that category, I typed in the name De Brou. I did a double take as the name of James Debrou appeared on the screen. Here was the answer for which we were searching: in 1912 a Roman Catholic organization deemed my grandfather an appropriate candidate for emigration to Canada. Whether he was an orphan, the son of "unsuitable" parents, a street urchin, or a young delinquent is not yet clear. But the ship's manifest reveals that on April 20, 1912, eleven-year-old James Debrou boarded the SS

The author, Dave De Brou, stands beside his grandfather's unmarked grave in St. James Cemetery in Toronto.


Descendants of
John Louis De Brou
John Louis De Brou b. 1863
Ellen Cuddy
Francis De Brou b. 1863
Jane Roland
John Louis De Brou b. 1887
Mary De Brou b. 1888
Francis De Brou b. 1891
Jane De Brou b. 1893
Bernard De Brou b. 1895
James Francis De Brou b. 1900
John Louis De Brou b. 1911
James Francis De Brou b. 1928
John Louis De Brou b. 1946
David De Brou b. 1950
Austin De Brou b. 1976

DAWN HUCK

Perhaps bitterness or shame caused my grandfather to hide his London birthplace all his life; only his death revealed a British past.

Tunisian, along with fifty other young Catholic boys under the care of Reverend Thomas Newsome (see passenger list, p. 19). Eight days later, my grandfather and the other 1,488 passengers landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The boys were scheduled to board an Ottawa-bound Canadian Pacific Railway train. From that point on, until his marriage in Toronto in 1924, my grandfather's whereabouts remain a mystery. Perhaps the documentary references to New Brunswick are a clue to his eventual destination. Or did he travel with the rest of his Catholic companions to Ottawa? Was he going to St. George's Home to be farmed out to a local family in the Ottawa Valley? Was he one of the fortunate children whose Canadian "family" treated him fairly? Or was he one of the many who faced hardship and sorrow, scorned by Canadian hosts as London gutter children? Conceivably, herein lies the answer to the riddle of my grandfather's origins. He reported his birthplace as New Brunswick, let my maternal grandfather think he was "a little Frenchman," and did not tell my father that he was a home child from London because of the painful memories caused by the separation from his family in England and the cold reception he had received in Canada. Perhaps bitterness or shame caused him to hide his London birthplace all his life; only his death revealed his British past.

My older brother, when he found out that our French roots were minuscule, was amused. He pointed out to me with pleasure that "the big specialist in Quebec history had little French in him." My feelings are more circumspect. Yes, the recent revelations had diminished my "Frenchness," but the stories of my "French" grandparents had had a direct impact on my life. Certainly my interest in Quebec history, which derived in part from this false family heritage, eventually led me to the University of Ottawa and my future Franco-American wife, and had also taken me to the University of Saskatchewan where I was hired as a Quebec specialist. The transatlantic voyage aboard the SS *Tunisian* that my grandfather, James Francis De Brou from Westminster, U.K., had embarked on in 1912 eventually led me to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. My trip back to Westminster began that momentous day in August 1999 when my cousin Austin used the latest in technological communications to "finally track me down." In that one electronic micro-moment, my life in late-twentieth-century Canada spanned time and distance to reconnect with my grandfather's world in early-twentieth-century Britain.

Dave De Brou teaches Canadian history at the University of Saskatchewan. He is looking forward to meeting his cousin Austin, who moved to Michigan, U.S.A., in November 2001. Recently, thanks to e-mail, he came in contact with another cousin, Anne, of New Zealand, the granddaughter of John Louis (1887–1926) and Annie (d. 1921) De Brou.

et cetera

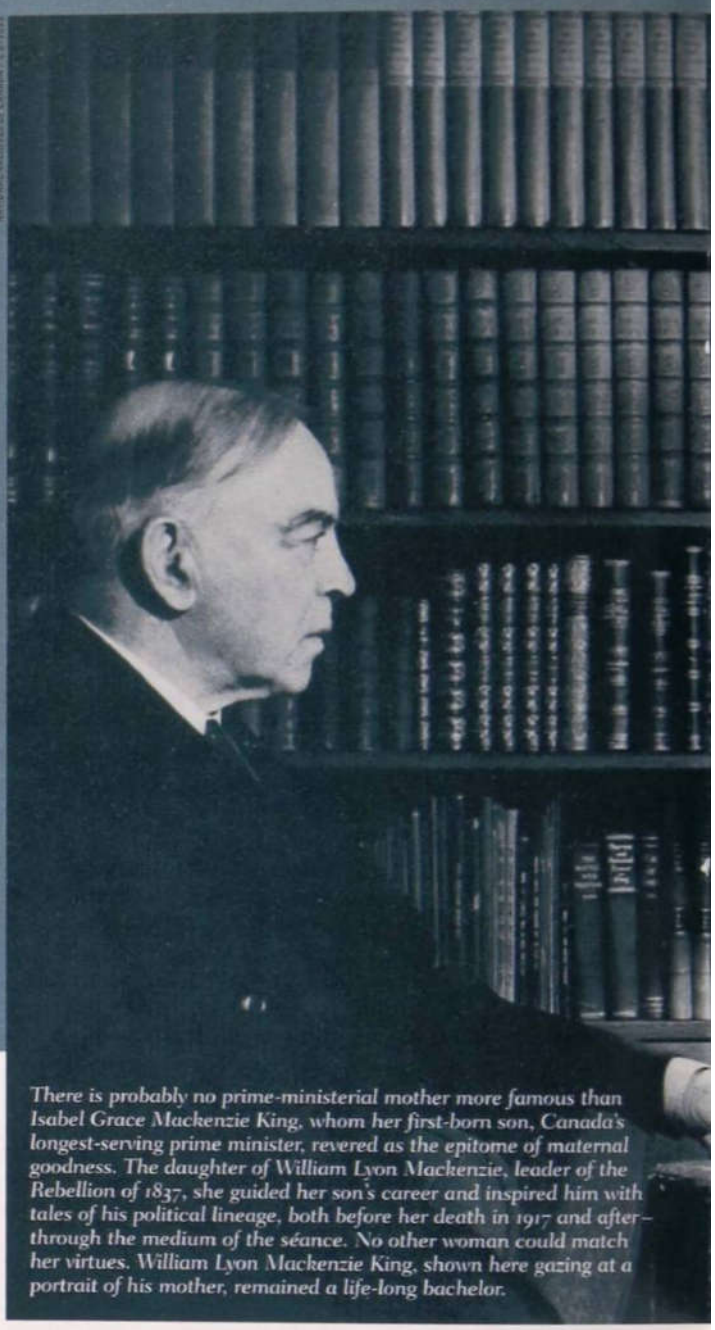
To access the Home Children database on the National Archives website, go to <www.archives.ca>. Under the "Research" heading on the left-hand toolbar, click on "Genealogy," then click on the link "Home Children." You will also find a link to the "Young Immigrants to Canada" website, <www.dcs.uwaterloo.ca/~marj/genealogy/homeadd.html>.

Labouring Children, by Joy Parr. McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, 1980

The Home Children: Their Personal Stories, edited by Phyllis Harrison. Watson & Dwyer, Winnipeg, 1979.

The hands that rocked the cradles of Canada's prime ministers.

Right Honourable Moms



There is probably no prime-ministerial mother more famous than Isabel Grace Mackenzie King, whom her first-born son, Canada's longest-serving prime minister, revered as the epitome of maternal goodness. The daughter of William Lyon Mackenzie, leader of the Rebellion of 1837, she guided her son's career and inspired him with tales of his political lineage, both before her death in 1917 and after – through the medium of the séance. No other woman could match her virtues. William Lyon Mackenzie King, shown here gazing at a portrait of his mother, remained a life-long bachelor.

Somebody had to change R.B. Bennett's diapers. Somebody else, needless to say, had to teach John Diefenbaker his table manners. Someone had to tell Brian Mulroney to clean his room, and, yes, someone had to teach Joe Clark how to walk. Deep in the obscure margins of Canadian political history are the women who mothered our Right Honourable leaders. Our popular memory of them is minuscule. Indeed, if it weren't for Mackenzie King's strange, vaguely oedipal séances, we'd probably remember nothing at all. But each prime minister had a mom. And this leads to some interesting questions. What does it mean to have raised a prime minister? How did these women shape the lives and personalities that would ultimately bear the weighty mantle of Canadian federalism? Prime ministers, after all, are not vested with right-honourable DNA. They are nurtured and cultivated into power. It seems likely, then, that their moms would play a remote but nonetheless influential role in the way Canada has been governed.

Some of the prime-ministerial moms have been more remote than influential, of course. Our more ephemeral leaders, it seems, have had more ephemeral relations with their moms. Tory Joe Clark's mom was a Liberal. Kim Campbell's mom, Phyllis Cook, ran away with another man when Kim was only twelve years old.

Some family histories have been marked by tragedy. Wilfrid Laurier watched his mother die of tuberculosis when he was just a boy, and ten of the nineteen Shawinigan babies birthed by Marie Boisvert Chrétien died in infancy.

The prime-ministerial moms have also offered varying degrees of encouragement to their ambitious offspring. While matriarchal Mother King was pathologically cajoling little

by M. Rankin

Mary Florence (Bannerman) Diefenbaker with her son John, Canada's thirteenth prime minister, in the 1930s. Her doubt that he would one day become PM may have contributed to his ambition.

Willie, no one had much confidence in young Diefenbaker. One afternoon during his salad days in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Diefenbaker announced prophetically that he would one day be prime minister of Canada. But Mama Dief was quick to inform him of the "near-impossibility of anyone's realizing that ambition … in particular one living far out on the Prairies." This naysaying, however, was probably just the type of motivation young Diefenbaker needed – proving the naysayers wrong would be the primary impetus of his career.

Dief notwithstanding, the four heavyweight champions of twentieth-century Canadian politics all had very special relationships with their moms. Mackenzie King's ritualistic mother-worship is the stuff of legend, but we could unleash the Freudian hounds on Trudeau and Bennett just as easily. Brian Mulroney, too, was close to his mom. Leafing through their prime-ministerial memoirs, biographies, and partisan profiles, it becomes clear that these leaders were fundamentally shaped – in character, in ambition, and in many cases, in political vision – by the women who raised them. These women left their mark on our country.

This is particularly true of Grace Elliott. Grace Elliott, of course, was the "Elliott" in Pierre Elliott Trudeau. More than the Anglo part of his name, she was the Anglo pole of his identity – an identity that Trudeau would, at times, be compelled to defend. During the 1980 Quebec referendum campaign, René Lévesque sneered that Trudeau's political ravings sounded more "Elliott" than "Trudeau," more anglophone than francophone, more Canadian than Québécois. Trudeau always brandished such definitions of Canadian identity, just as he would in his famous referendum retort in the Paul Sauvé Arena in May 1980. Thrashing Lévesque's remark, Trudeau exclaimed that "Elliott," his mother's name, was both Québécois and Canadian. Indeed, Trudeau's particular vision of Canadian duality, the central theme of his political career, has its historic roots in the world of Grace Elliott.

TRUDEAU FOUNDATION

Grace Elliott Trudeau (above) was the anglophone pole of her son Pierre's life, though she herself was born into a mixed-marriage family in nineteenth-century Quebec (her father was anglophone Protestant, her mother francophone Catholic). Much more reserved than her ebullient husband Charlie, she became a greater force in her young son's life when Charlie died in 1935. Pierre stepped into his father's shoes, remaining at home as his mother's companion until he moved to Ottawa in 1965.

Henrietta (Stiles) Bennett (right) was a Methodist and her values of thrift, industry, honesty, sobriety and generosity were inculcated in her eldest son, Richard, from an early age. Those values made it difficult for R.B. Bennett, prime minister during the worst years of the Depression, to embrace the notion of social assistance, but they also sanctioned his acts of personal beneficence, which included writing personal cheques to destitute people who sought his help.

COURTESY MULRONEY FAMILY

Irene O'Shea (left) was twenty when she married thirty-one-year-old Benedict Mulroney in 1934. Brian, their third child and first son, was born five years later in Baie Comeau, Quebec. He made important sacrifices, notably supporting her financially on a junior lawyer's salary in the wake of his father's 1965 death.

Canadian duality was a lived reality for Grace, just as it would be for her son. Her father was an anglophone Protestant, her mother a francophone Catholic. Growing up in Montreal, Grace was raised Catholic while her two brothers were raised Protestant. This arrangement was typical of mixed-marriage families in nineteenth-century Quebec, steeping Grace's life in a veritable hybrid of the two distinct cultural traditions. In her married life with Charlie Trudeau, a robust francophone entrepreneur, this duality persisted. Living in a bilingual household, Pierre Trudeau spoke to his mother in English and his father in French and absorbed their differing cultural sensibilities.

When Charlie Trudeau died, Pierre was fifteen years old, and the cultural polarity of his household was thrown off, leaning to his mother's side. "When my father was around," Trudeau once recalled, "there was a great deal of effusiveness and laughter and kissing and hugging. But after he died, it was a little bit more the English mores which took over." Indeed, some political biographers have argued that it was from Grace that Trudeau developed his contempt for emotionalism. This puritan resolve would follow Trudeau, in various permutations, throughout his political career, particularly in his icy rejection of nationalist appeals. It is in Grace Elliott, thus, that we find the genesis of Pierre Elliott's personal motto, and very much the soul of his political vision: *la raison avant la passion* (reason before passion).

Certain observant Trudeau-watchers have argued that Trudeau had a "mother complex," just like Mackenzie King. Mother Trudeau was nothing like Mother King, mind you – she was not the domineering sort – but it is true that Trudeau adored her profoundly. When his father died, Trudeau effectively assumed his father's role as both household administrator and life partner to Grace. He lived at his mother's Outremont nest right up until his departure for Ottawa at age forty-six. He was a doting and attentive son – handling Grace's affairs, escorting her to parties and concerts, vacationing with her abroad. Given Trudeau's popular image as a sashaying Don Juan of much repute, it is perhaps hard to believe that he was such a mama's boy. But a

Daughter of a rebel and mother of a statesman, Isabel Grace Mackenzie King (left) was born in 1843 in New York City, where her father had fled after the ill-fated rebellion in Upper Canada. She died in Ottawa one day after the December 17, 1917 election in which her son lost his North York seat. Mackenzie King never quite accepted her death and continued to believe she was always near him in spirit.

few pages of Jungian psychology will tell you that it is precisely this mother complex that leads to Don-Juanism. A son's relationship with his mother is so close and adoring that she becomes his image of female perfection. Accordingly, as Stephen Clarkson and Christina McCall argue in *Trudeau and Our Times*, the many women that Trudeau wined and dined would always fall short of the perfection he saw manifest in his mother, leading to an adolescent cycle of womanizing. Thus, as the argument goes, the image of Trudeau-as-international-playboy that captured the Canadian imagination for so many years was the psychological byproduct of Trudeau-as-overzealous-son.

In poring over the analytic minutiae of Trudeaumania, it becomes clear that Grace Elliott's influence was great. In various ways she was very much at the root of what compelled us about Trudeau: the image, the disciplined rational intellect, the idealistic embodiment of Canadian duality, the visionary possibilities for Canadian politics, which compel us still today.

Now, Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Brian Mulroney have said many unflattering things about each other—but neither one could accuse the other of being a bad son. Mulroney was not born into wealth like Trudeau, and his filial responsibilities were far more serious. Indeed, the strain of Mulroney's obligations to his mother, Irene O'Shea Mulroney, would reverberate along the trajectory of his ambitious political career.

In Mulroney's campaign during the 1976 leadership convention (which he would lose to Joe Clark) his long-time friend Lowell Murray said that Mulroney didn't have Tory leadership in him yet. Brian had never even had a seat in Parliament, Murray explained, let alone "addressed the larger questions about the country that any leader has to consider."

"'What Lowell forgets,'" said an inflamed Mulroney in an interview with Stephen Clarkson, "'is that I've had to work all my life. I had to support my mother and my sisters after my dad died while those buggers'—and here his voice would change from its normal baritone to a mocking squeak—'were considering the larger questions!'"

Implicit in Mulroney's indignation is an evident pride in the sacrifices he made for his mother, and an insistence that such sacrifices were important for him to make. It is perhaps these sacrifices that give real meaning to Mulroney's self-proclaimed moniker, "The Boy from Baie Comeau."

Irene O'Shea grew up in the Irish Catholic village of Shannon, Quebec. She was a quiet, devoutly religious woman, who was known to whisper a short prayer whenever something went wrong. Married at an early age, she followed her husband, an anglo-Catholic electrician, Benedict Mulroney, north into what was to become one of the darkest outposts of Duplessiste *noirceur*, the company town of Baie Comeau. It was here in the black-fly-infested backwoods that baby Brian came a-bouncing in 1939, to be followed by five more, all of whom Irene would feed and clothe on Benedict's meagre salary. Their poverty notwithstanding, payday was "steak night" in the Mulroney house, for which Irene kept a very tight grip on the family purse strings. When young Brian (a fervent Bing Crosby fan from an early age) was given a weighty fifty dollars for serenading the American pulp-and-paper baron that owned Baie Comeau with that quintessential Mulroney-era love song, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," the young crooner handed over the cash straightaway to Irene. The steak would be served, and Brian would go to university.

Mulroney had just graduated from law school and was introducing Montreal to some of his notorious Baie-Comeau-bred machismo when his life was suddenly thrown off kilter. Benedict Mulroney died in 1965, leaving Irene with only a tiny insurance payment and his eldest son with a lot of responsibilities. Distressed by his father's death and under the gun to provide for his family, the overwhelmed Mulroney failed his Quebec Bar exams on his first attempt. He moved his mother and sisters to live with him in the big city. Before very long he was sustaining them on his junior partner's salary at a Montreal law firm. There is no account of Mulroney harbouring any resentment for being left with these responsibilities. To the contrary, he accepted his weighty burden nobly and dutifully. He is said to have been very close to his mom, sharing everything with her—although one time a mortified Irene accidentally walked in on the swinging Mulroney with a young starlet from the Dean Martin Show in a state of undress. "She should have known better than to come over without warning," Mulroney later shrugged.

Mulroney didn't have a mother complex, but his relationship with his mom was an integral part of the shape and character of his career. He made important sacrifices for

her, both financial and professional. These sacrifices meant that the "larger questions," brooded upon so gratuitously by spoiled rich kids like Pierre Trudeau and Lowell Murray, would sometimes have to sit on the back burner. But his devotion to Irene, in spite of his ferocious ambition, also deepens our understanding of Mulroney as the first Canadian prime minister to come from a working-class background and the significance of that achievement. Mother Mulroney was there to remind Brian that you can take the boy out of Baie Comeau, but you can't take Baie Comeau out of the boy.

William Lyon Mackenzie King is perhaps better known for being a pathological mama's boy than for his political legacy.

One of Mulroney's Conservative forefathers, the Great Depression dynamo, R.B. Bennett, had this to say about his mom: "She was I suppose the mainspring of my life. It was my ambition and joy to please her; to have her see that the care and effort she bestowed on me were not in vain."

Henrietta Stiles married Henry Bennett in New Brunswick in 1869. She gave birth to Richard Bedford Bennett quite abruptly and unexpectedly at a Sunday tea party in 1870. Henrietta and young Dick were very close, and she proved to be a fiercely ambitious mother, as James H. Gray noted in *R.B. Bennett: The Calgary Years*. When Dick Bennett's elementary-school principal announced a punctuality, deportment, and diligence competition, young Dick and childhood rival Carrie Reid, both of them ferociously well-behaved, entered the ring as the prime contenders. After weeks of breakneck one-upmanship, the prize went to Reid, and Mrs. Bennett was mad. Storming down to the schoolmaster's office, Henrietta protested that Carrie Reid had fainted in class one morning in midcompetition and had to be carted home. Clearly then, Reid's enfeebled lapse had blemished her attendance record, thereby propelling the more robust R.B. up to his rightful rank amid the lofty summits of human punctuality. The prize was Dick's! The schoolmaster considered Mrs. Bennett's argument and verified the attendance record. He found, however, that Reid had returned to school after the lunch hour. Thus, the girl would keep her award, and Mrs. Bennett would swallow her pride.

James H. Gray has argued that Bennett's politics only become "explicable [by] recalling the lessons he learned on his mother's knee." Indeed, Bennett the man and the politician were both heavily steeped in Henrietta's many teachings. Bennett himself once credited his mom with inspiring in him his "love of our great empire." She regaled him with heroic tales of his great-grandfather, Captain Nathan Stiles, who served the imperial armies at Louisbourg and at Quebec in 1759. These stories ignited something in Bennett, for imperialism was to be the molten fire of his politics. He rallied feverishly on imperial affairs, advocating imperial free trade as opposed to tariff liberalization with the American menace. Michael Bliss has even described Bennett as "the most British of Canada's British Conservatives." In this respect perhaps most of all, Bennett's Canada was very much his mom's Canada.

Henrietta's religious thought was also at the heart of the Bennett government. Henrietta simmered Bennett's formative years in the tenets of Wesleyan Methodism: Sloth was a cardinal sin; one must strive for sobriety, thrift, industry, generosity, and, above all, the virtue of honest work. These themes would guide Bennett throughout his illustrious, ambitious life. If ever you were to invite Bennett to a wine-and-cheese party, he would hover by the cheese table, gloating, as he often did, "I promised my mother I would never drink, and I never have." Bennett's interpretation of the sanctity of the work ethic, furthermore, explains his initial queasiness about implementing unemployment insurance as prime minister during the Depression, and his preference for relief camps and work programs over social assistance. And Henrietta had taught him to be generous, too. Many of the destitute families that wrote letters to the prime minister in desperation received a personal cheque from Bennett in reply.

Indeed, Henrietta's presence can be felt at the thematic roots of Bennett's politics. She was the very soul of Bennett as a professional and personal man, and, like King, he remained a bachelor. It was with deeply felt sincerity that Bennett once said of his mother, "All that I am or may be I owe ... to her."

But as much as Bennett's mom may have marked Canadian politics during his years as prime minister, it was the man who sat opposite Bennett in the House of Commons who had the mother of all prime-ministerial mothers.

William Lyon Mackenzie King is perhaps better known for being a pathological mama's boy than for his political legacy. Since the publication of his mammoth diaries in the 1950s, Canadians have spent a great deal of time speculating about the possibility of King's oedipal dysfunction and ridiculing his weird mingling with matriarchal ghosts. This historical pastime reached its zenith in C.P. Stacey's mean-spirited biography of King's private world, *A Very Double Life*. Recent scholarship, however, has been kinder to King, rationalizing his eccentricity and trying to understand it. And it cannot be denied that a woman so central to King's being somehow affected Canadian politics throughout her son's twenty-two years in office.

The youngest daughter of rebellious Upper Canadian firebrand, William Lyon Mackenzie, Isabel Grace Mackenzie was born into poverty in New York in 1843, in the midst of her father's political exile. Although the hot blood of Mackenzie was said to pump in Isabel's veins, she married John King, a somewhat bookish Ontario lawyer with a genteel veneer. They were well off, but not rich enough for stuffy nineteenth-century Toronto. Isabel would spend much of her married life straining to masquerade as upper middle class. To this end, she invested enormous energy in the meticulous cultivation of her first-born son, whom she named, tellingly, after her illustrious father. Charlotte Gray, in *Mrs. King: The Life and Times of Isabel Mackenzie King*, argues that Isabel saw in young Willie an unusual power, which, if properly guided, could bring to her family the financial and social

security she sought. Willie was to be the saviour.

Without a doubt, Willie King developed a mother complex. He never married. His mother remained the only woman in his life. He was an eligible bachelor, but no woman he courted was as fine as Isabel, despite his hapless searching: "If I can only win such a wife as I have such a mother, how infinitely happy!" King wrote in his journal.

It is well known, of course, that their relationship was unusually intense. Romantic images of Willie and Isabel along pastoral walks at Kingsmere line the King photo albums. On her seventy-fourth birthday, King, always reverent of the mystical power of numbers, kissed Isabel an astounding seventy-four times in a row. After Isabel died in 1917, the insecure King would infamously begin experimenting with spirit mediums, appealing to Isabel for personal and political guidance from the Great Beyond. This maternal poltergeist of Canadian politics hovered over King's entire career as prime minister. In a séance conducted in London in 1948, when King was suffering illness, mother King and the ghost of former American president Franklin Delano Roosevelt ("Frank" as Isabel called him) assured King that it was time to retire, and he promptly followed their advice.

Why was King so attached to his mom? Simply, King was an intensely self-doubting man whose professional ambitions relied on motherly incubation for strength and confidence. Charlotte Gray argues that Willie was "fiercely ambitious, hopelessly sentimental and constantly in need of reassurance [and he] blossomed in the warmth of [Isabel's] love ... it allowed him to measure his actions in terms of her approval." In essence, Isabel was the emotional powerhouse, the life partner, that shaped and propelled King, both as a man, and as a professional.

Not unlike Henrietta Bennett, Isabel also inspired King with the stories of his political lineage. C.P. Stacey has suggested that, in a metaphysical way, which we know had great meaning for King, Isabel was the very source of his political vision. As the genetic link to his grandfather the rebel, Isabel, King believed, was the mystic transmitter of an unfinished political legacy that he had the duty to carry on. Much of this transmission, surely, came from Isabel's deliberate political coaching before she died in 1917. Shortly after becoming a member of the House of Commons, the novice Grit told Sir Wilfrid Laurier all about his mom. He told Laurier of "inheriting through her a hatred of injustice and love for the poor, & a determination to vindicate the justice of the cause Grandfather contended for." And indeed, a major thread in King's political legacy, from his very beginnings in Ottawa as editor of the *Labour Gazette* right up to the postwar welfare state, was his consistent effort to be an ally to working people and bring humanity to industrial capitalism. In both symbolism and in real tangible guidance, Isabel inspired and channelled King's political destiny.

Mother King, like Mothers Bennett, Mulroney, and Trudeau, among others, have clearly left their mark upon Canada. All their hand wringing has served the country well. By fundamentally shaping the lives of the individuals who have led us, they have helped shape the country and how we think of it. Canada would indeed be a different place were it not for Grace Trudeau's duality or Isabel King's ambition or Irene Mulroney's budgeting skills. In the continuing saga of the Canadian political tradition, then, and on Mother's Day, we would do well to rightly honour our Right Honourable moms.

M. Rankin is a writer and cartoonist. He divides his time between Winnipeg and Montreal.

et cetera

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The Pierre Berton Award

Canada's National History Society established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998
(no award 1999)
Peter C. Newman, British Columbia, 2000
CBC / Radio Canada, 2001

This is a national award to recognize individuals or organizations that have helped broaden the reach of Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2002 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to the name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome. There is no nomination form.

Nominations for the 2002 Pierre Berton Award must be received by May 24, 2002 and should be sent to:

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478–167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6

If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address, or

Phone (204) 988-9300
Fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: cnhs@historysociety.ca

Photon Finish: The Race to Build the Bomb

by Paul Litt

One was an earnest Saskatchewan scientist. And one was a flamboyant Ontario salesman. In 1951 both men were vying to create the world's first radioactive bomb that healed, not harmed. The race went down to the wire. But – in the end – it wasn't winning that mattered.

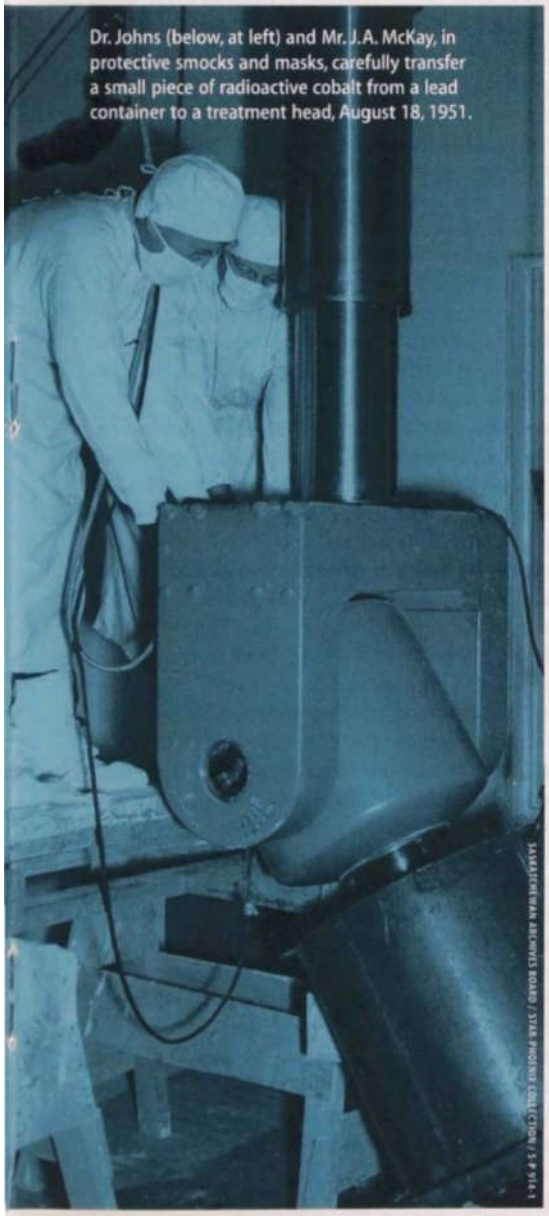
The machine looked like something out of a Buck Rogers episode. It was high-tech, 1950s-style: whirring motors, shiny metal casing, men in lab coats milling around it, and an air of mystery about how it worked and what it did. Science could explain it all, but who could understand the science? It was futuristic, it worked miracles, and it was made in Canada.

It was also the subject of an editorial in the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix* on November 7, 1951: "We hope that Messrs. Truman, Stalin, Peron et al. won't think someone is trying to steal their thunder," it read, "but ... theirs is not the only atomic race going on in the

Roy Errington (below, second from right) and Dr. Ivan Smith (right foreground) with the Eldorado A at Victoria Hospital in London, Ontario in 1951. The machine was named for Eldorado Mining and Refining (1944) Ltd., an Ottawa-based Crown corporation that mined uranium ore. In 1952, the government created a new Crown corporation, Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL), to manage its nuclear research. Eldorado's sales operation was transferred to AECL, becoming its Commercial Products Division. The division was renamed Nordion International Inc. in 1989 and became MDS Nordion when privatized and purchased by MDS, a Canadian health sciences corporation, the following year. Today the company Errington founded is a leading marketer of medical radio isotopes and related equipment worldwide.

world. Another has been declared by the London *Free Press*, which claims ... 'the world's first cobalt bomb' for ... their Ontario city." The *Star-Phoenix* wanted Londoners to know that Saskatoon had a cobalt bomb too.

Like "The Bomb" generally associated with the era, the cobalt bomb was radioactive. Unlike its more famous namesake, however, this bomb healed rather than harmed. The cobalt bomb offered a radical and effective new treatment for cancer. No other country had produced anything like it, yet Canada had two of these wonders, each a different design by a different designer, and both completed and operational within a few days of each other. Coincidence? Not at all. This bomb was a benevolent byproduct of Canadian nuclear research.



Dr. Johns (below, at left) and Mr. J.A. McKay, in protective smocks and masks, carefully transfer a small piece of radioactive cobalt from a lead container to a treatment head, August 18, 1951.

SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD / STAR PHOENIX COLLECTION / S-P 914-1

Doctors began using radiation to fight cancer soon after the discovery of X-rays and radium in the 1890s. The technique was based on the discovery that faster-growing cancer cells were more sensitive to radiation than normal cells. It seemed a miracle cure, but it had its limitations. X-ray machines were expensive, complicated, and balky contraptions. Radium was simple to use, but limited in strength. It worked when it could be placed close to the cancer. Radiologists attempted to treat deep-seated tumours by aiming radiation at them from an external source, a technique called teletherapy. Machines known as radium bombs were built for this purpose, but they proved ineffective because radium radiation was not strong enough to penetrate deep into the body.

Enter cobalt 60. In the 1940s, experimental nuclear reactors went into service in Canada and the U.S. The nuclear research program of Canada's National Research Council (NRC), initiated by refugee scientists from Europe during the Second World War, differed significantly from the Americans'. The difference was in the moderator, the substance used to slow and control atomic chain reactions. While the Americans used graphite, the Canadians used heavy water.* The NRC built a heavy-water reactor, NRX (for National Research Experimental), at its research centre near Chalk River, Ontario. Once it went into service in 1947, physicists experimented to see if they could create artificial isotopes – variant forms of the same element that have different numbers of neutrons in their nuclei, giving them a different atomic weight.

One of the elements the scientists stuck into NRX was cobalt, which usually has an atomic weight of 59. Leave it in a reactor for a while, however, and it picks up another neutron and becomes cobalt 60. Cobalt-60 atoms are unstable and emit powerful radiation as they decay. The Chalk River scientists thought cobalt 60 a promising source of radiation for cancer therapy. The NRX reactor could produce cobalt 60 with about a hundred times the radioactive power of radium. Due to its heavy-water design, it

*Heavy water, or D_2O, is similar to water, but contains deuterium atoms instead of hydrogen atoms. Both elements have relatively simple nuclei: hydrogen's consists of a proton, deuterium's of a proton and a neutron.

Below, top to bottom:
Dr. Harold E. Johns, responsible for radium and X-ray therapy for the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission. Born in China of missionary parents, he was the compleat scientist and administrator. His cobalt-60 beam therapy unit was the first to go into service in 1951, though not the first to treat a patient.

Roy Errington, head of radium sales for Eldorado, was a born salesman. Charged with the task of selling uranium stockpiled by Eldorado during the war, he saw the commercial as well as the social value in developing a bomb that saved lives. The cobalt-60 unit that Eldorado installed at Victoria Hospital in London, Ontario on October 27, 1951 was the first to treat a patient.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES / A 2720

MDS NORDION

could produce it stronger, faster, and in larger quantities than any other reactor.

These facts were soon well-known in the scientific community. Anyone who knew about the shortcomings of radium bombs and the radioactive properties of cobalt 60 could put two and two together and come up with the idea of a cobalt bomb. It was not surprising, then, that two Canadians decided to build such a machine at around the same time.

One was an accomplished physicist, Dr. Harold E. Johns, who was responsible for radium and X-ray therapy for the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission and the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. The other was Roy Errington, head of the radium sales department for Eldorado Mining and Refining (1944) Ltd., the federal Crown corporation that controlled uranium mining and refining in Canada. In many ways the two were a study in contrasts. Johns was born in China to missionary parents. He was a dedicated and accomplished scientist, a creative and tireless administrator – in fact, a bit of a boy scout. Errington was the consummate salesman – a raconteur and good-time Charlie who smoked cigars, hosted poker games in his office in Ottawa, and loved nothing better than to jump in a car and drive around North America making sales calls.

Johns wanted to build a machine to cure patients at his cancer clinic. He worked in Tommy Douglas's Saskatchewan, the birthplace of socialized medicine, and had the premier's full support in building a first-class cancer treatment facility. Errington wanted to build a machine because Eldorado had the commercial rights to the isotopes that NRX produced, and a cobalt bomb would create a market that would make this isotope franchise invaluable. He was not insensitive to the fact that the bomb would save lives, and was all in favour of that too.

In the fall of 1949, the Chalk River scientists put some specially prepared packages of cobalt 59 into the NRX reactor. One was for Johns, and one was for Errington. Now all the two would-be inventors needed was a machine to hold the cobalt 60 and administer radiation treatments. The race was on.

Errington already had the required scientific know-how at his disposal. He had been a graduate student in physics and employed other physicists to sell radium. He hired some engineers and set to work. Johns, in contrast, recruited a graduate student at the University of Saskatchewan to help him design his machine and a local machinist to build it.

Radium bombs did not provide a very useful model for the type of machine required. They typically had a lead safe that held the radium. It was connected to a flexible hose along which the radium source travelled to the treatment head. Johns had once observed a technician disconnect the hose and prod at a stuck source to move it along. This setup wouldn't work for a cobalt bomb. Cobalt-60 radiation was so strong that direct exposure would deliver a lethal dose of radiation within a few minutes.

The designers had to devise a machine that could hold the cobalt 60 and prevent radiation from leaking out. They also had to think up a way to turn the radiation on and off. Errington's designers calculated that they would need about twelve inches of lead around the head of the machine to block radiation. They designed an on/off system that used liquid mercury to block the exit port when the bomb was not in use. To turn it on, the mercury was pushed into a reservoir by compressed air. If the air system failed, the mercury flowed back down to block off the radiation.

By pioneering the cobalt bomb, Johns and Errington had done much more than just showcase Canadian high technology. Cobalt-60 teletherapy made effective radiation treatment widely available.

The Saskatoon bomb differed from Eldorado's in a number of ways. Instead of keeping the source fixed and using a shutter system, Johns mounted the source in a wheel at the centre of the head. To turn the machine on and off, the source was rotated towards or away from the exit port.

Johns had his own cancer clinic in Saskatoon, but Errington had to find a facility where he could give his machine clinical trials. One of his radium customers, Dr. Ivan Smith, was interested in trying out a cobalt bomb. He ran the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation's clinic at Victoria Hospital in London, Ontario. With a little wheeling and dealing, the foundation was persuaded to divert some funds earmarked for high-voltage radiation equipment to pay for a cobalt-60 facility for Smith's clinic.

By early 1951, the two cobalt-bomb projects were running neck and neck. The first Eldorado A was finally ready in July. It was delivered first to the National Research Council's radiology laboratory where it was loaded with its cobalt-60 source and tested. Everything worked as it should. Errington should have been ecstatic, but he was too busy worrying about the next step. His machine was ready to go, but Ivan Smith's facility was nowhere near completion. Part of the problem was that no ordinary room could house the cobalt bomb. The wall opposite the machine had to block the radiation that would be projected at it. This required about forty inches of concrete. The other walls, and the ceiling, had to have eight inches of concrete to absorb scattered radiation.

Harold Johns received his cobalt 60 from Chalk River on July 30, 1951. Luckily for Errington, Johns too was waiting for the completion of a room to accommodate his machine. By August the facility was almost ready. Finally, on August 17, Johns's cobalt bomb was installed at the University Hospital in Saskatoon. The next day Johns loaded his cobalt 60. The walls were still being plastered, the concrete floor was yet to be poured, but the machine was in place. He had to wait for construction to finish to begin testing his machine. By this point the Eldorado prototype had already been put through its paces by the NRC in Ottawa and would be ready to go as soon as it was installed in London.

The race went down to the wire. The source for the Eldorado A was delivered to Victoria Hospital in London on October 16, 1951. In Saskatoon, Johns officially put his machine into service on October 23. But on October 27, Smith was the first to actually treat a patient.

Errington celebrated in his usual style. Eldorado staff in London returned *en masse* to his hotel room, Dr. Smith in tow. A spare blanket went across the bed. Chairs were pulled up, cards shuffled, Errington lit a cigar, and a spirited poker game commenced.

Two weeks later, Errington staged an official inauguration

for the Eldorado A in London. A hundred and thirty scientists, radiologists, oncologists, and officials from the U.S. and Canada viewed the machine, attended a reception, then adjourned for dinner to hear Eldorado's ultimate boss, federal minister of trade and commerce C.D. Howe, extol the peaceful benefits of atomic research. The event attracted wide coverage in local and national newspapers. Among the guests was Harold Johns, who had treated his first patient on his own cobalt bomb a few days earlier. Johns came to see how Errington had made his machine and also learned how the salesman had made headlines.

Who won the race? Take your pick. Both the Eldorado A and Johns's cobalt bomb were vast improvements on radium bombs or high-voltage radiation equipment. Johns later recalled that his cobalt bomb was housed in a room next to a 400,000-volt X-ray machine. The cobalt unit was about a tenth as large, but delivered radiation at ten times the energy and ten times the rate. It also had fewer and simpler mechanical and electrical systems, which made it easier to operate and to maintain. His X-ray machine became obsolete overnight.

Inevitably there were disputes between the Ottawa and Saskatoon camps about who had the best bomb. Each group criticized technical features of the other's design. In the long run, the critical difference between the two machines was their commercial fate. The Eldorado A had been built with sales in mind. At $30,000, it was affordable for midsized cancer facilities. Its various components were designed for easy disassembly, shipment, and reassembly. It fit through normal doors and could be set up within an existing building. Soon after its successful debut, Errington was making arrangements to get it into production.

In contrast, Johns had no interest in taking his invention from the machine shop to the factory floor. Instead, he sold the rights to an American company, Picker X-Ray, which would become a major competitor of Errington's organization. The difference between the results of the scientist's and salesman's efforts is illustrated by the fate of Johns's original machine. It treated 6,728 patients during its twenty-one years of service at the University of Saskatchewan. In 1972, however, it was replaced by a commercial machine built by Errington's organization. The descendants of the Eldorado A, on the other hand, continue to be made in Canada and widely exported, continuously repaying the federal government's investment in atomic research.

It may seem remarkable that Canada was in the forefront in the development of cobalt bombs – so far ahead, in fact, that it produced two pioneering prototypes well before anything similar was developed elsewhere in the world. Why did no similar effort emerge in Britain, France, or, most likely of all, the United States, where far more money and manpower were devoted to atomic research?

The answer is found in the unique capabilities of the NRX reactor. The knowledge that it could produce the cobalt-60 sources required for teletherapy faster than any other reactor – and in commercially viable quantities – spurred interest in cobalt 60 at Chalk River. Both Errington and Johns were plugged into the latest developments there and seized the opportunity to capitalize on a unique Canadian resource. It was natural that attempts to exploit the NRX's strength in this area would emerge close to the action rather than from further afield. Even so, there was soon a similar project in the works in the U.S. Prodded by Dr. Gilbert Fletcher of the M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston, Texas, scientists from the Oak Ridge Institution for Nuclear Research designed a cobalt bomb and had a prototype on display by 1953. By then, however, Eldorado had established its machine in the marketplace.

By pioneering the cobalt bomb, Johns and Errington had done much more than just showcase Canadian high technology. Cobalt-60 teletherapy made effective radiation treatment widely available at the community level. The cure rate for cancer of the cervix, to give just one example, soon climbed from 25 percent to 75 percent. Errington and Johns had made a major breakthrough in the fight against cancer.

Both the scientist and the salesman went on to greater distinction. Johns had a long career in cancer care, retiring as head of the physics division at the Ontario Cancer Institute in Toronto in the 1970s. Errington continued building Eldorado's medical equipment business into a successful international enterprise until his retirement in 1974. A few years later he was diagnosed with lung cancer. Treatments from one of his firms' cobalt bombs at the Ottawa Civic Hospital prolonged his life for years. Errington was reported to have asked his radiologist for double the regular dose, confident that he could not get too much of a good thing.

Paul Litt is a Toronto historian. This article is extracted from his latest book, *Isotopes and Innovation: MDS Nordion's First 50 Years*.

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The Argentine Connection Before the Eldorado A was installed, it became the centre of a diplomatic affair between the Canadian and Argentine governments. Evita Perón, the popular wife of Argentine president Juan Perón, was suffering from cancer (it would eventually kill her in 1952 at the age of 33). Somehow the Argentineans heard about Eldorado's teletherapy machine, and decided to get their hands on one to treat their first lady. In 1951, the Canadian government was approached and consulted Eldorado, which reported that it was not prepared to sell its prototype. The government backed Eldorado's position, and despite additional pressure from Argentina, it was allowed to deliver the machine to Dr. Smith's clinic.

et cetera

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The website of the Canadian Nuclear Society features a history of nuclear energy in Canada on its site; a link to nuclear pioneers provides biographical information on Dr. Harold Johns. <www.cns-snc.ca/history/history.html>.

Volunteers from Richmond, Virginia.

Maple Leaf Yanks

The Western Front, 1917: Meeting a column of mud-spattered Canadian troops trudging back from the trenches, an enthusiastic war correspondent approached the nearest man. "What part of Canada are you from?" he asked. "Los Angeles," the soldier shot back.

By now, the Great War was nearing the end of its third blood-soaked year of stalemate, and still no end was in sight. At least the battle-weary Allies could take heart in the news that the United States was finally willing to enter the war. But many Americans had not waited for President Woodrow Wilson to make up his mind. Volunteers from the States could already be found on every European battlefield, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. Some slogged it out in the trenches or piloted fighter planes, while others served behind the lines, driving ambulances and tending the wounded. And of those who willingly risked their lives for the Allied cause, the greatest number wore the Canadian uniform.

Despite a long history of mutual suspicion and sporadic hostility, by the early twentieth century the citizens of Canada and the United States found they had much in common. Besides sharing the longest undefended border in the world, they lived in countries still being formed by successive waves of European immigrants. The native-born, too, were joining in an enormous interior migration, with Americans pouring into the great breadbasket of the Canadian West and Canadians finding work in America's industrial northeast. Above all, both peoples shared a characteristic North American faith in progress and the unlimited potential of their respective nations. But as of August 4, 1914, one fact divided the two countries more than any other: Canada

In the 1960s, many young Americans fled to Canada to avoid fighting and dying in Vietnam. But fifty years earlier, many of their grandfathers flocked north, eager to play a part in Europe's Great War.

by Matthew R. Laird

was at war, and the United States was not.

When Britain's ultimatum to Germany to withdraw from Belgium expired, the British Empire, including Canada, was at war. Jubilant crowds of Canadians cheered the declaration in that sweltering summer of 1914, and young men from Halifax to Vancouver thronged their local recruiting offices, fearing the fighting would end before they could get to France. But even in these first heady days of the war, some Canadian leaders were already looking south for potential manpower.

Only weeks after war was declared, Canada's bombastic minister of militia and defence, Sir Sam Hughes, cabled Lord Kitchener, Britain's secretary of state for war, with lofty promises of American recruits. "Private and personal am offered sixty thousand good fighting men from neighbouring Republic anxious to help Britain and liberty," he claimed. "They would make a splendid legion." But the Foreign Office was not amused. American neutrality must be respected, they cautioned, and no United States citizen should in any way be induced to join the British Army. They did allow, however, that His Majesty's government would reserve the right to accept any American who presented himself for enlistment in British territory. And, by now, hundreds of them were doing just that.

Herbert W. McBride was on the eighteenth hole of the Riverside Golf Club in Indianapolis when he learned that Europe was at war. A National Guardsman, adventurer, and crack shot, McBride was delighted. "I am sorry I cannot say that those early stories of German atrocities, or the news of Belgium's invasion impelled me to start for Canada to enlist and offer my life in the cause of humanity," he later admitted. "Not at all; it was just that I wanted to find out what a 'real war' was like. It looked as if there was going to be a real scrap at last, and I didn't intend to miss it this time. I had 'lost out' on two wars already; the Spanish-American and Boer War and now the opportunity was at hand I wanted to have a front seat."

McBride resigned his commission in the Indiana National Guard and caught the first train to Ottawa. In the capital he met personally with Hughes, who was so impressed with his credentials that he commissioned the new arrival as a captain in the local Thirty-Eighth Battalion. But after a short period of training, McBride learned that his unit was bound for garrison duty in Bermuda. Disgusted, he got roaring drunk, then transferred as a private to Kingston's Twenty-First Battalion, which was heading overseas. Within a few months, the Hoosier was eye-deep in France, ducking German "whiz-bang" shells.

Not every Yank who joined the Canadian Army shared McBride's daredevil spirit. A native of Massachusetts, Roméo Houle was working as a barber in Montreal when the war began. Enlisting with the French-speaking Fourteenth Battalion, Houle found himself caught with the Canadians in the horror of the first poison-gas attack at the Second Battle of Ypres. After less than a year at the front, Houle was among only a handful of survivors from his original unit. Meanwhile, back in Massachusetts, Houle's father had, with the help of his congressman, arranged for a discharge on the grounds that his son was underage when he enlisted, and an American citizen. When the news reached him at the front, Houle was overjoyed. "I walked seven miles to the railroad," he recalled. "The firing sank away. The trenches and their fevers, their wounded and dead, their noxious odors and their deadly gases, and the man-eating rats – all became a memory. I was free, going home to my wife and child, my parents, my friends, unwounded."

What sort of man gave up the comfort and safety of civilian life and risked everything for a foreign cause while his own country remained neutral? Will Irwin, American war correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*, put it this way to the readers at home: "The boys who have gone over to fight for the Allies," he explained, "are generally of high intellectual and moral quality. Some of them, it is true, are merely adventurers, the kind of men who must get into a fight wherever it offers. Most of them, however, are boys of education and ideals, who fight for the Allies because they believe in human liberty, because they have felt the call in their blood, or because they wish to repay the loan of Lafayette."

In the post-Vietnam era, it is difficult to understand how Americans could be so willing to head off to war. But these were young men raised on the Civil War tales of their grandfathers and glorious reports of Teddy Roosevelt's charge up San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War. Veteran soldiers like McBride may have been wiser, but to many the war promised travel, adventure, and a welcome release from the unglamorous demands of work, school, and family.

BADGE COURTESY MAURICE F. V. DOLL GOVERNMENT HISTORY PROGRAM, PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA

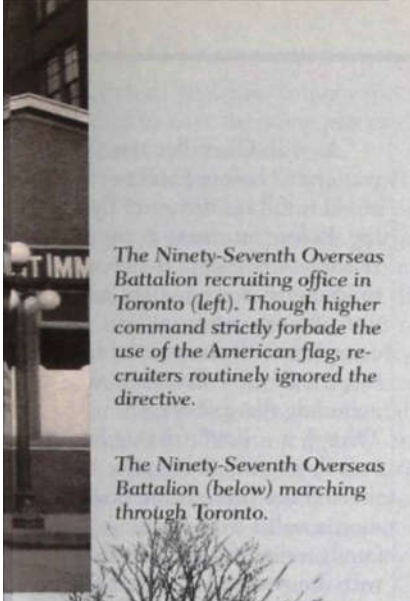
Anti-German propaganda, so prevalent during the war years, also did much to lure chivalrous Americans into a Canadian uniform. Many hoped to avenge the 128 American victims of the liner *Lusitania*, torpedoed by a German U-boat in May 1915. While touring the frontlines in early 1917, British newspaper magnate and propagandist Lord Northcliffe met with dozens of Americans fighting with the Canadian Army in France. Along with their trademark ragtime music, baked beans, and chewing gum, the Americans, Northcliffe noticed, had a virulent streak of anti-German feeling. "To hell with peace talk," one "bright-eyed" Kansas City boy told the visitor, "while these slant-heads across the line there are enslaving French and Belgian women and children. There would be none of this peace business at home," he claimed, "if the people there knew the facts." Frustration with their nation's too-proud-to-fight attitude was a common theme among the American volunteers. When a Californian told Northcliffe that he missed seeing newspapers from stateside, one of his comrades scoffed: "As for that, I don't want to see mine. The folks sent it along at first, but I stopped it, for it gave only Fritzy's side of the case."

Unlike Canada, with its Anglo-Saxon majority, the United States was a diverse nation, and many, particularly German Americans, did not share a natural sympathy for the Allied cause. Others bridled at the sometimes flagrant efforts of the Canadians to lure their neighbours across the border to enlist. The advertising manager of Detroit's *Evening News*, for example, refused on principle to print a full-page recruiting ad submitted by a patriotic Canadian. An ambitious recruiting officer in neighbouring Windsor, Ontario, received numerous death threats by mail from upstate New York and Michigan. And Justice Department officials in Chicago launched an official investigation when several young men turned over Canadian recruiting handbills they had received showing crossed American and British flags and an image of Uncle Sam and his British counterpart John Bull shaking hands.

Despite such incidents, it would take some time before the national governments realized the magnitude of the problem. In the first months of the war, Americans keen on enlisting went north individually and in small groups. Crossing the border anywhere between the Maritimes and British Columbia, they presented themselves at the nearest recruiting depot, which could now be

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 72828

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 5980



The Ninety-Seventh Overseas Battalion recruiting office in Toronto (left). Though higher command strictly forbade the use of the American flag, recruiters routinely ignored the directive.

The Ninety-Seventh Overseas Battalion (below) marching through Toronto.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 72600

The special brigade flag (far left) presented by the American ladies of Winnipeg. Because the United States was not a participant in World War I until spring 1917, the flag was not permitted to be flown. After the war, the flag was presented to Queen Mary; later it was placed in the Imperial War Museum in London.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles S. Bullock (left) was a cleric and Spanish-American War veteran from New York State working in Ottawa. In 1915 he encouraged Minister of Militia and Defence Sam Hughes to commission the Ninety-Seventh Overseas Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, known as the American Legion.

COURTESY CLIVE M. LAY

found in nearly every Canadian city or town. Always eager for new volunteers, recruiting officers generally cared little about the nationality of those who passed through their doors, and even the more scrupulous could be persuaded by a temporary Canadian accent or invented local address. And so, more than 35,000 U.S. citizens found their way into virtually every unit of the expanding Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF).

Were it not for a patriotic Unitarian minister, however, this steady stream of Americans into the ranks of Canada's armed forces might have passed largely unnoticed. Reverend Charles Seymour Bullock, a Spanish-American War veteran from New York State, presided over Ottawa's Church of Our Father when war was declared. An admitted lover of Canadian institutions and opponent of "Prussian militarism," Bullock threw himself headlong into wartime fundraising and recruiting drives. When he learned that many fellow Americans were joining up, Bullock had an idea. Across Canada special units were being raised to boost enlistment: there were university battalions, a "sportsmen's" battalion, even "bantam" battalions of men who fell short of the army's minimum height requirement. Why not a contingent of American volunteers? Encouraged by his local American friends, Bullock pitched his scheme directly to Hughes. His timing could not have been better. By now Canadian enlistments were beginning to lag and the minister was having a tough time raising the inflated number of troops he had promised the British government. And so, on December 22, 1915, the Ninety-Seventh Overseas Battalion of the CEF – the American Legion – was born.

Headquartered in Toronto, the Ninety-Seventh opened its ranks to any man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five of American birth or parentage. Though the battalion claimed to target Americans already living in Canada, in reality most recruits came directly from the U.S. Good advertising helped. "Here's Your Chance Americans!" proclaimed one recruiting poster that found its way south of the border. "The biggest adventure in the world is open to you!" Like every other unit, the Ninety-Seventh appealed to the potential recruit's sense of honour and manhood. "If you have a wishbone where your backbone ought to be, wish for peace," suggested another ad. "If you have a backbone where your backbone ought to be, *fight for peace*." The American Legion also put a unique historical spin on their call for Yankee volunteers. During the

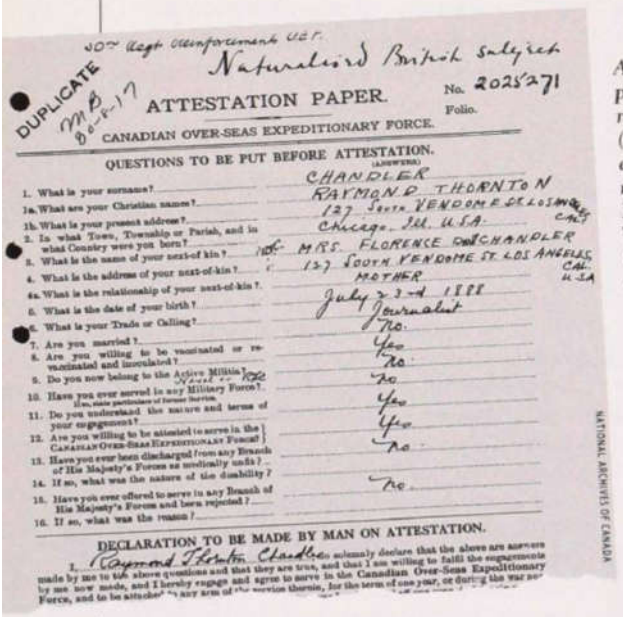
"Here's Your Chance Americans!" proclaimed one recruiting poster. "The biggest adventure in the world is open to you!"

Civil War, they claimed, upwards of 50,000 Canadians had helped fight to preserve the Union. Now, fifty years later, Americans had the chance to repay the favour and support Canada in her time of need.

These appeals evidently worked, for in a matter of months the Ninety-Seventh had reached its full strength of thirty-seven officers and 908 men. Its members hailed from forty-five states, from Maine to California, though the border states of New York and Michigan supplied the greatest numbers. More than 60 percent of the volunteers claimed prior military experience, and many were already battle hardened. Some may have relished the chance to see action again; others were lured by the generous enlisted man's pay of thirty-three dollars per month, plus an additional twenty dollars paid to dependents at home. The legion's officers were clearly not in it for the money, however. Many were doctors, lawyers, bankers, and businessmen who left behind comfortable lives for the chance to serve what they saw to be the greater good. Some, like Lieutenant Tracy Richardson – wounded in fourteen places and affectionately called the "Human Sieve" – had already been to the front, but wanted to return to serve alongside fellow Americans.

After a while, the American Legion became a victim of its own success. Hughes had been so impressed by the progress of the Ninety-Seventh that he authorized four more "Yankee battalions" to recruit across Canada: the 211th based in Vancouver and Calgary, the 212th in Winnipeg, the 213th in Toronto, and the 237th in New Brunswick. He then rewarded Reverend Bullock, who was serving as the legion's chaplain, with the command of the newly formed "New Brunswick Americans," making him the only clergyman to head a Canadian outfit in the war.

While the idea of a full American Legion brigade may have looked promising on paper, the reality proved disappointing. After two full years the novelty of the war was wearing thin, and Canadian enlistments had slowed to a trickle. Each new battalion competed fiercely for the few men still willing to go overseas, and none of the new American Legion units could find more than a few hundred volunteers. Even the initial success of the Ninety-Seventh was beginning to dissi-



DUPLICATE

ATTESTATION PAPER. No. 2025271

CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. Folio.

QUESTIONS TO BE PUT BEFORE ATTESTATION.

1. What is your surname? CHANDLER
1a. What are your Christian names? RAYMOND THORNTON
1b. What is your present address? 127 South VENDOME St Los Angeles Cal
2. In what Town, Township or Parish, and in what Country were you born? Chicago. Ill. U.S.A.
3. What is the name of your next-of-kin? MRS. FLORENCE DOLCHANDLER
4. What is the address of your next-of-kin? 127 South VENDOME ST. LOS ANGELES CAL. U.S.A.
4a. What is the relationship of your next-of-kin? MOTHER
5. What is the date of your birth? July 23rd 1888
6. What is your Trade or Calling? Journalist
7. Are you married? No.
8. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated and inoculated? Yes
9. Do you now belong to the Active Militia? No
10. Have you ever served in any Military Force? No
11. Do you understand the nature and terms of your engagement? Yes
12. Are you willing to be attested to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force? Yes
13. Have you ever been discharged from any Branch of His Majesty's Forces as medically unfit? No.
14. If so, what was the nature of the disability?
15. Have you ever offered to serve in any Branch of His Majesty's Forces and been rejected?
16. If so, what was the reason?

DECLARATION TO BE MADE BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, Raymond Thornton Chandler solemnly declare that the above are answers made by me to the above questions and that they are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements by me now made, and I hereby engage and agree to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force, and to be attested to any arm of the service thereto, for the term of one year, or during the war and

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA

Attestation paper of Raymond Chandler (1888–1959), author of such novels as The Big Sleep, The Long Goodbye, *and* Farewell, My Lovely.

Soldiers of Fiction

Out of the First World War came a "lost generation" of American writers, poets, and artists whose wartime experiences propelled them to redefine the artistic and intellectual forms of their era. Two of the most influential American authors of the twentieth century, Raymond Chandler and William Faulkner, served with the Canadians.

Living with his mother and working as a bookkeeper for the Los Angeles Creamery, Chandler longed for a change in the summer of 1917. By now the United States was at war, but rather than wait to be drafted, Chandler set off with a friend for Victoria, British Columbia, where he enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders. Having spent a good part of his youth in London, it was natural for him to prefer a British uniform, he would later explain. The separation allowance paid by the Canadian government to a soldier's dependants also made it easier to leave his mother in California.

Rising to the rank of sergeant, Chandler fought with the Canadian Seventh Battalion in France until he was wounded in a fierce German bombardment that obliterated his outfit. When he recovered, he transferred to the Royal Air Force, though the Armistice interrupted his training. He eventually returned to Los Angeles, and would speak little of the war. "Once you have to lead a platoon into direct machine-gun fire," he recalled, "nothing is ever the same again." But this experience would later find an outlet in his fiction. Chandler's critics trace the realistic violence of his hard-boiled detective stories directly to his time in the trenches.

With his "diminutive physique, feeble moustache, and rich Southern drawl," the young William Faulkner cut a memorable figure among his fellow Royal Air Force cadets. Bored by his clerk's job at the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in New Haven, and rejected by the U.S. Army's flight training program, Faulkner went down to New York City and enlisted at the British War Mission office on Fifth Avenue. Assuming a dubious public-school accent and changing his family name of "Falkner" to the ostensibly more English "Faulkner," the Mississippian reported for duty at the No. 4 School of Military Aeronautics at the University of Toronto in September 1918.

As with Chandler, the war ended before Faulkner could fulfill his dream of flying. Before returning home to Oxford, Mississippi, however, the frustrated ace bought an RAF officer's dress uniform, complete with wings, which he proudly wore everywhere, including the golf course. Though it is doubtful that he ever flew while in Canada, this did not prevent the budding novelist from regaling family members and friends with dramatic tales of barnstorming feats and near-fatal "crack-ups." ■

—M.R.L.

COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

William Faulkner (1897–1962), author of The Sound and the Fury *and* Absalom, Absalom! *in his Royal Air Force uniform.*

pate. The legion had quickly earned a reputation for "high-spiritedness," Toronto's chief of police branding them the "worst behaved battalion in the city." Neither did the original commanding officer help matters by disappearing with the battalion's funds. And while bureaucratic bickering kept the legion from disembarking for Europe, dozens of frustrated officers and men simply packed their bags and went home.

Though never comfortable with the idea of Americans serving under a foreign flag, U.S. officials did little to harass those individuals who followed their conscience to Canada. But a full-fledged American legion under British authority was more than they could stomach. Consular officials in Canadian cities filed frequent reports that their northern neighbours were blatantly misusing the American flag and other national symbols in pursuit of new recruits. Official complaints were then lodged with the British Embassy in Washington. For their part, the British had been alternately trying to woo and cajole a reluctant United States into the war against Germany. Now, by flouting American neutrality, the Canadians threatened to derail the critical diplomatic efforts of the Crown.

As the official imperial representative, Canada's Governor General, the Duke of Connaught, fired off a series of angry notes to Prime Minister Robert Laird Borden. "First," he declared, the enlistment of Americans "irritates the United States Government; second, it opens a field for possible German spies to get through and obtain information; and, third, experience has so often shown that American citizens do not always make the best of soldiers. ... I would also like to point out," he con-

cluded, "that you cannot expect Americans to have the same patriotic feelings that the Canadians have."

Borden was caught off guard. Hughes had authorized and promoted the American Legion without the prime minister's knowledge, and when an official inquiry revealed the depth of the problem, Borden was forced to take action. The four newer legion battalions were ultimately disbanded and amalgamated with the original Ninety-Seventh. When it finally arrived in England, the legion was broken up, and its men dispersed as replacements to various other Canadian units in the field. After a brief and stormy life, the American Legion of the CEF had ceased to exist.

Finding himself marooned in London with no battalion to command, a frustrated Reverend Bullock spent the rest of the war screening films to Canadian troops portraying the evils of venereal disease. Some of the former legion members transferred to American units when the U.S. finally joined the Allies in France. But most chose to stay with the Canadians, fighting out the war's last year with their trusted brothers-in-arms.

With little fanfare, the American veterans of the CEF returned home to the States after the Armistice and began to rebuild their lives. Some less fortunate families, like John C. Thurston's of Richmond, Virginia, would receive only the condolences of the Canadian government. "I am directed by the Honourable Minister of Militia and Defence to convey to you the 1914–15 star," they were told, "and to express to you the regrets of the Militia Council that he did not live to wear the decoration which he so bravely won."

For a time, at least, both nations clung to the memory of their shared sacrifice in the Great War. In 1925, Prime Minister Mackenzie King proposed to erect a monument in the United States to the memory of those American citizens who had given their lives fighting for Canada. President Calvin Coolidge agreed, and on Armistice Day, November 11, 1927, the Canadian Cross of Sacrifice was unveiled with full military honours in Arlington National Cemetery. Though five of Canada's American volunteers had won the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest award for valour, as time passed their unique contribution to the Allied cause was all but forgotten.

Soon a greater world conflict would eclipse the public memory of the "war to end all wars." Appropriated by a powerful veterans' lobby, even the American Legion name lost its association with the Canadian volunteers. But the memory of long-faded hardships and friendships would live on in the hearts of those proud to have been Maple-Leaf Yanks. And sometimes, perhaps, like Herbert McBride, they would fondly recall "how gaily they marched and sang over the snow-covered roads of Canada." ◘

A native of Ottawa, Matthew R. Laird now lives in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he works as a historical and archaeological consultant.

et cetera

A Rifleman Went to War **by Herbert W. McBride. Lancer Militaria, Mount Ida, Arkansas, 1987.**

UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS
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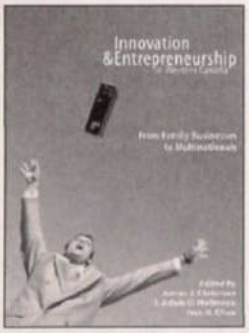

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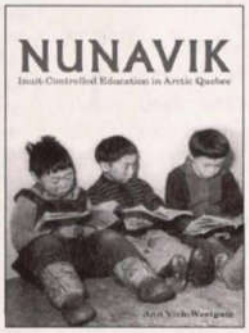

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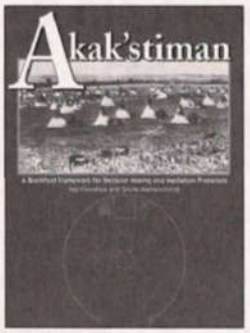

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The Lindberghs' Arctic Flight

by Dieter K. Buse, Marthe Brown, and Joe Martin

The shortest distance between two points on a sphere is an arc. When Charles and Anne Lindbergh decided to fly to China from New York in 1931, their route took them – of course – over Canada.

Seventy-five years ago, on May 20, 1927, Charles Lindbergh departed from Roosevelt Field on Long Island, New York, in the *Spirit of St. Louis* and landed thirty-three hours and thirty-nine minutes later at Le Bourget airfield near Paris. In doing so, he became the first person to fly the Atlantic solo, a distance of 5,800 kilometres. It was an extraordinary feat, and it made him the most famous young man in the world. When he returned to New York three weeks later, it was to a triumphal ticker-tape parade.

He would not be out of the limelight for many years to come.

After flying to yet another tumultuous welcome in Mexico City later in 1927, he was introduced to Anne Morrow, daughter of the American ambassador to Mexico. Their society marriage in 1929, the kidnapping and murder of their son in 1932, and the

NOBLE DAGG

Though famous through her marriage to Charles Lindbergh, Anne Morrow Lindbergh (left), shown here at Churchill, had her own aeronautical career. Soon after her 1929 marriage, she became the first woman in the U.S. to earn a glider pilot's licence. In spring 1931, shortly before the famous flight over northern Canada to the Orient, she earned her pilot's licence. For that flight, she was the plane's radio operator and occasional co-pilot. She described her cockpit view: "There were, of course, the dual controls which had been in the ship since it was first built; the stick between my knees, the rudders at my feet, and the throttle and stabilizer control at my left hand. To the right and a little back of my husband's seat, where we could both see it, was a periodic compass. This completed the flying equipment."

A partial view of Churchill, Manitoba, upper right, with the Lindbergh plane, August, 1931. The Lindberghs were flying a Lockheed Sirius with a single 680-horsepower radial engine, fitted with pontoons for water landings on the long-range flight. Fuel range was 3,200 kilometres.

The coastal town had burgeoned with the recent arrival of the Hudson Bay Railway and the shipment of grain to Europe. Anne described the town in her memoir Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead *as a "rocky projection in the bay" and thought the "cold bright light on the white sides of [the] bleak houses looked like Edward Hopper's paintings."*

subsequent trial in 1935 kept the talented and handsome couple solidly in the public eye. Though vigilant about their privacy, particularly in the wake of the death of their child, they, like many celebrities, nevertheless sought publicity for their activities: she was a writer and he had business interests in the burgeoning field of air transportation. Anne took up flying as well, and together they took pioneering flights to many countries. Focus through the 1930s fell on these celebrated flying adventures as well as on his technical work on aviation and heart pumps, the kidnapping and trial, their involvement with American political neutrality and flirtation with fascism, and her environmental and self-help concerns. Amid this record of activity, however, some aspects have been all but forgotten, among them the short time the Lindberghs spent in Canada during one of their famous journeys – their 1931 flight to Japan and China.

The route – which began in Flushing Bay, New York, on July 27 and ended in Nanking, China, on October 2 – took the Lindberghs over northern Canada with stopovers at Moose Factory, Churchill, Baker Lake, and Aklavik. Anne Morrow Lindbergh described her encounter with these northern outposts in her 1935 best-seller *North to the Orient*, but two recently uncovered collections of photographs add a new dimension to the Arctic leg of the Lindbergh excursion. Never before published, selected photos are presented here for the first time.

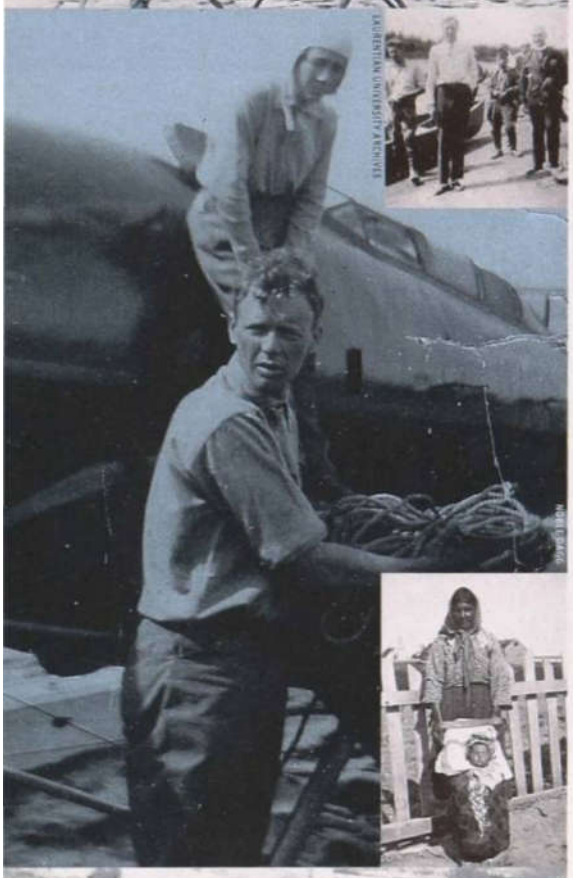
The Lindberghs' 1931 trip was not their first to Canada. Charles flew the famed *Spirit of St. Louis* to Ottawa in July 1927 as part of a triumphant goodwill tour of North America. Less than a year later, in an April snowstorm, he flew special medicines to Quebec City to aid one of his friends who had contracted pneumonia during a sea rescue of three German aviators. Afterwards, in 1933, Charles and Anne would fly to Halifax and St. John's and make numerous stops on the Labrador coast seeking northern trans-Atlantic routes and testing planes. But their 1931 flight was the most far-reaching of their Canadian journeys.

When they arrived in Ottawa, their first Canadian stop, from North Haven, Maine, on July 30, they were feted by government officials and cautioned by experts, dubious about the effects of the northern climate on a young woman like Anne, to take a more southerly route. "You must remember that she is crew," Charles responded, a remark his wife recorded with approval, happy that her contribution was being acknowledged without regard to her sex. Despite the cautionary tales, the Lindberghs stuck to their original plan to fly their Lockheed Sirius, which they later named *Tingmissartoq* ("one who flies like a bird"), into the Arctic. Flying over what Anne described as "hundreds and hundreds of lakes, absolutely flat, and tall thin pines," they landed first at Moose Factory, a Hudson's Bay Company trading post on an island in the Abitibi River in northern Ontario, in the early evening of August 1.

The photographer who recorded their Moose Factory visit was Canon Joseph Blackburn, principal of the residential Anglican school, which was part of the small administrative townsite near the post. Airplanes, which had first arrived in Moose Factory in 1920, were no longer novel, but the Lindberghs' reputation preceded them. They were met by Hudson's Bay officials, four of the white women of the community, and some of the natives, and put up overnight at an eighteenth-century HBC house. They dined on fresh moose, locally grown lettuce, canned raspberries, canned pound cake, and tea. After supper they called on the RCMP, on the mission school, and visited with two of the teachers and with the bishop, John Anderson, who had preceded them at Moose Factory by a day. Tea was served at ten that evening.

The next day, the Lindberghs departed for Churchill, flying along the west shore of Hudson Bay. "The pine trees gave out and we flew for miles and miles over islands of swamp," Anne wrote. "Once on the trip we saw a camp of Indians on the beach, a tent and a boat. They waved madly at us. And once we saw a two-masted schooner in the harbor of a river. Oth-

Because the flight was over uncharted terrain and broad stretches of water, the Lindberghs' preparations were meticulous, with safety the greatest concern. They had to balance load limitations with fuel weight and emergency equipment needed for extended survival in the event of a forced landing. Being self-sufficient, they slept in the plane when necessary and ate canned provisions.



Charles Lindbergh with group (inset) at Moose Factory. Anne described the settlement thus: "A few white houses on the green bank of a slow, glassy river. A stiff white church, ... stiff red-roofed houses (like New England), ... a white flagpole flying a British flag, whitewashed picket fences, closing in 'front yards,' whitish gray tents on the shore, fish hung up to dry."

The Lindberghs stayed only a short time in Churchill, left, arriving August 2 at nearly 8:00 in the evening, and leaving at 2:37 the next day. Most of the town came out to greet them, many having kept vigil since early morning. For lodging, they were given the staff house of the Department of Railways and Canals, a small wooden structure on the rocky bank of the river, complete with outdoor toilet.

While the Lindberghs' stay in Moose Factory was brief, they likely would have met such local residents as those at left, photographs of which Canon Blackburn included in his Lindbergh file and which may help identify the source of the fruit eaten by the Lindberghs. The inset picture is identified as "The Chief's wife and baby from Albany, 1930. She brought us two pails of raspberries to trade for flour and lard." The other has this caption: "Two old widows who lived, hunted and fished together after they had lost their husbands. On the left Maria Job, on the right Charlotte Shokabrhsam. Note Charlotte's face and arm. The Indian colour [had] turned from brown to white. She always went by the name of 'the speckled woman.'"

erwise, swamp and wastes – *nothing*."

Arriving in the evening, they found a town enjoying an economic boom. The Hudson Bay Railway had arrived in 1929, bringing with it the first shipment of Manitoba No.1 Hard wheat. A large terminal elevator ("amazingly incongruous in that bleak land," wrote Anne) was newly in place and harbour works recently completed. Shipments of wheat to Europe had begun. The business activity had attracted other private investment, including branch banks, among them the Royal Bank with a staff of two operating in the summer out of a small wooden structure. It was one of the Royal Bank clerks, twenty-eight-year-old Noble Dagg, then on a summer posting for the bank, who recorded the Lindberghs' visit on film.

Like their Moose Factory stopover, the Lindberghs' Churchill visit was brief. They were greeted by a large crowd and given a tour of the town by a committee of eleven women, the wives of local officials. Overnight, they stayed at the staff house of the Department of Railways and Canals, a small wooden structure with outdoor toilet that was the best lodging available at the time. The next afternoon they departed for points west, stopping in Baker Lake and Aklavik before heading to China via Kamkatchka and Japan. The flight would be the last for this golden couple before the swift reversal of fortune in their child's kidnapping and death. ▣

Dieter K. Buse teaches history at Laurentian University. Marthe Brown is an archivist at Laurentian University's J.N. Desmarais Library. Joe Martin is president of Canada's National History Society and the son-in-law of the late Noble Dagg.

et cetera

North to the Orient by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1935.

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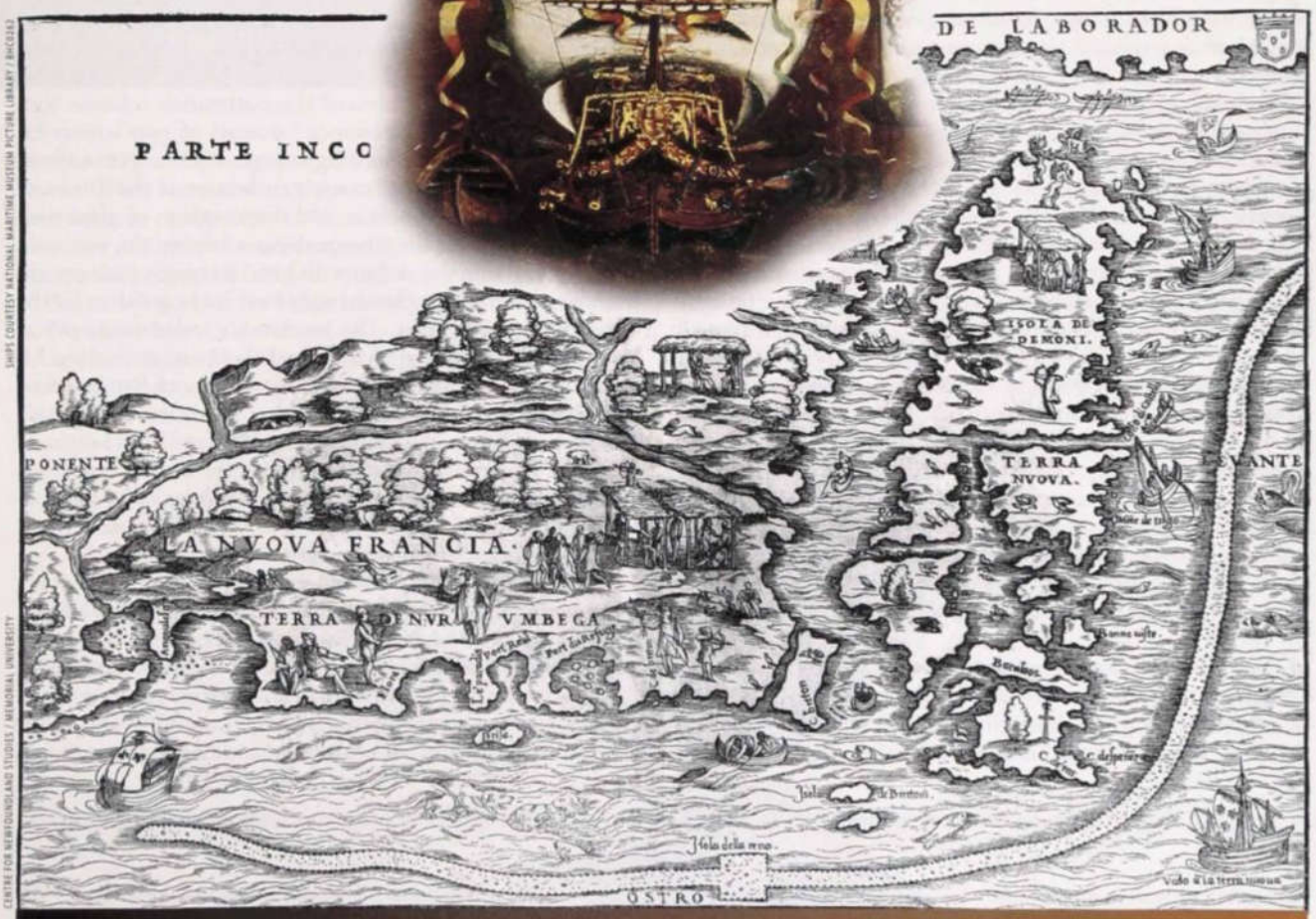
CANNIBAL CRUISE

When thirty gentlemen of Henry VIII's court signed on for a sea tour of Newfoundland, they didn't quite get what they bargained for.

BY STEPHEN R. BOWN



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CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES / MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

Drawn by Italian Giacomo Gastaldi and first published in 1556, twenty years after our Tudor tourists' misadventure, this map of Newfoundland acknowledges in its illustration the early importance of the fishery. One of the islands at lower right is called Bacalaos, which is Portuguese for codfish.

Used above and throughout the article, representations of English ships and the Spanish Armada in 1588 are details from The English and Spanish ships engaged, *by an unidentified English artist, c.1590. The painting illustrates a type of ship similar to the cumbersome and top-heavy vessels on which Richard Hore's tourists travelled to Newfoundland in 1536.*

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, England was a rising maritime power, flush with success and pride. Trade was increasing, merchants were searching for a route to the Orient and the Spice Islands, and English privateers were plundering Spanish ships in the West Indies. It was the dawn of a golden age of prosperity and expansion for England, and interest and pride in the nation's seafaring past increased dramatically.

A young scholar and cleric named Richard Hakluyt was busy gathering all the information he could for a monumental compilation of the tales of past English maritime prowess. He spent years at this task, travelling the country and interviewing mariners, sea captains, merchants, and adventurers. As an archivist and editor, he preferred verifiable firsthand accounts, eyewitnesses, and official documents. On one occasion, just before publication in 1589 of the first edition of his work *The Principal Navigations Voyages Traffiques & Discoveries of the English Nation – Made by Sea or Over-land to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any time within the compasse of these 1600 yeeres*, he rode over three hundred kilometres from his home in Oxford to interview the last remaining survivor of a little-known voyage to the Newfoundland and Labrador coast. The elderly man's name was Dr. Thomas Buts, and the voyage took place in 1536, at the dawn of the days of English transatlantic voyaging half a century earlier.

From Buts, Hakluyt learned "the whole trueth of this voyage from his own mouth, as being the only man now alive that was in this discoverie." The only other corroboration of Buts's improbable tale came from a gentleman named Oliver Dawbeny, who was interviewed around the same time by Hakluyt's cousin. After the passing of fifty years, neither of the men could recall the precise details of the voyage, and their accounts as recorded by Hakluyt are somewhat sketchy, leaving many questions unanswered. But it is possible to piece together an outline of one of the most unlikely and unlucky expeditions to what is now the Canadian Atlantic coast ever to have occurred during the Age of Discovery.

It was an unimportant voyage that accomplished little in terms of geographical discovery, but for those mariners who participated it was a terrifying ordeal benighted by starvation, cannibalism, and piracy.

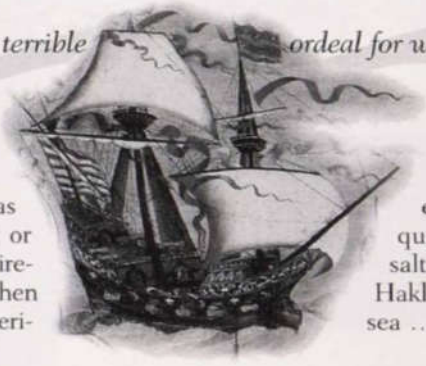
Since John Cabot's voyage across the Atlantic in 1497, and perhaps even earlier, English mariners had been frequenting the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to fish for cod. Geographical knowledge of the coast, however, was as scant as our current knowledge of the surface of Mars. Only recently had European cartographers agreed that the land was not the fabled coast of the Orient or Spice Islands and was indeed an entirely new continent. In January 1536, when a London leather merchant and experienced sea captain named Richard Hore proposed a tourist expedition to the New World, it seemed like a grand and exotic adventure. Hore, who was, according to Hakluyt, "a man of goodly stature and of great courage, and given to the study of Cosmographie," probably drew inspiration for his scheme after hearing of Jacques Cartier's successful voyage to the St. Lawrence in 1534, and after observing the excitement generated by the return of William Hawkins from South America in 1535 with "one of the savage kings of the countrey of Brasill." Hawkins paraded the hapless man around London, drawing crowds of astonished spectators.

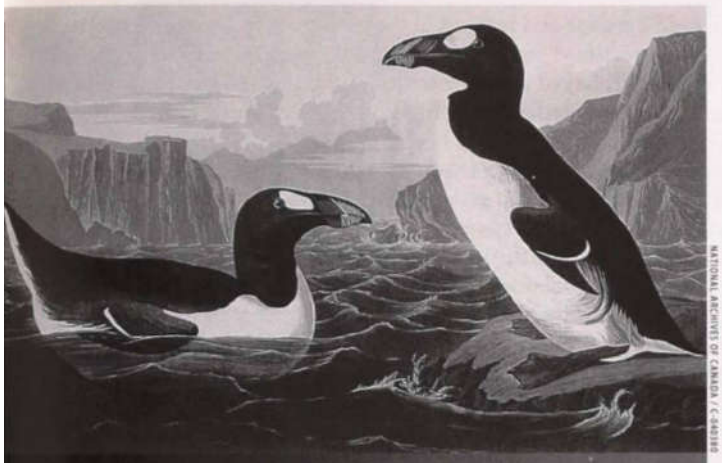
Hore realized that he could outfit an expedition of dual purposes to reduce the financial risk – while one ship loaded up on codfish, the other would cruise about the coasts with a complement of English gentlemen. Perhaps if they were lucky, they too could capture an Indian to be displayed, for a modest fee, to the curious masses. It would be a dangerous and possibly foolhardy voyage, without maps of the coast, sailing cumbersome, top-heavy Tudor ships loaded with coddled gentlemen with no sea experience. There was always the chance that they would become lost or burst asunder on the jagged coastal rocks hidden by the swirling waves of the turbulent north Atlantic.

But Hore was a tireless promoter of the venture and, when King Henry VIII blessed the outlandish scheme with "favour and good countenance," dozens of gentlemen expressed interest in the exciting voyage. Hore's "perswasions tooke such effect" that "many gentlemen of the Innes of court, and of the Chancerie, and divers others of good worship, desirous to see the strange things of the world, very willingly entered into the action with him." Between January and March 1536, thirty gentlemen sightseers had signed on for the adventure of their lives. The tourists included many proud and wealthy members of the English court, including M. Weekes, "a gentleman of the West countrey of five hundred markes by the yeere living"; M. Tucke, "a gentleman of Kent"; M. Thomas Buts, "the sonne of Sir William Buts knight of Norfolk"; M. Armigil Wade, "a very learned and vertuous gentleman ... afterwards Clerke of the Counsailes of king Henry the 8 and king Edward the sixth"; M. Oliver Dawbeny, "merchant of London"; and "divers other of good account."

In addition to the gentlemen, there were around ninety sailors, bringing the total number to 120 on two small ships, the *William* and the *Trinity*. Richard Hore apparently sailed in one of the vessels himself. After mustering the crowd "in warlike manner at Graves-end, and after the receiving of the Sacrament," the two ships slipped their mooring and sailed down the Thames into the Channel and headed west across the ocean. It was the end of April 1536. The Atlantic crossing must have been a terrible ordeal for wealthy gentlemen without naval experience and unaccustomed to cramped quarters on drafty ships with little other than salt pork, hardtack, and flat beer for provisions. Hakluyt records that the ships were "very long at sea ... above two moneths, and never touched any

The Atlantic crossing must have been a terrible ordeal for wealthy gentlemen without naval experience a





NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-040180

Great Auk, from The Birds of Canada by John James Audubon, 1838. The great auk was one of many birds on Funk Island, off the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, that provided fresh food to sailors weary of stale provisions after the long Atlantic voyage. Its flightlessness made it an easy target of capture, and over the centuries the great auk was hunted to extinction. The last great auk was taken in 1844 on Funk Island. Some eighty specimens are preserved in museums.

land untill they came to part of the West Indies about Cape Briton." They sighted what they suspected was Cape Breton, the northern promontory of Nova Scotia, and steered northeastward around the southeastern tip of Newfoundland, following the rugged coast north until they sighted the "Island of Penguin"—now called Funk Island, off the northern coast of Newfoundland. The desolate promontory, "very full of rockes and stones," had been visited by Jacques Cartier two years earlier and was a regular stopping point for fishing vessels. This voyage was no exception. The island was "full of great foules white and gray, as big as geese, and they saw infinite numbers of their egges."

The birds were the flightless great auks, large and easy to catch. Along with other sea birds of Funk Island, the auk was a reliable source of food for thousands of mariners over the centuries until by the mid-nineteenth century it was driven to extinction. The crews of the *Trinity* and the *William* rowed small boats to shore and "drave a great number of the foules into their boats upon their sayles, and tooke up many of their egges." The sailors prepared them for eating by plucking the feathers, apparently an annoying job as "their skinnes were very like hony combes full of holes being flead off." When the work was done, they cooked up a great feast of the sea birds, probably roasting them over a fire, and declared them "very good and nourishing meat." It was no doubt a great treat after over two months of hardtack and biscuit. On Funk Island they also spied several "beares both blacke and white," which they hunted with their guns and "tooke them for no bad foode."

After the communal feast and replenishing of fresh food supplies, the two ships separated. While the *William*, loaded with sailors and fishers, cruised to the Grand Banks to load up on codfish, the *Trinity* sailed off into unknown waters for adventure and to hunt and capture a "Savage of those parts." Not long after, the *Trinity* was anchored in a bay, unable to leave. Although it is unclear exactly where the *Trinity* sailed, historians such as Davis Beers Quinn suggest that the most likely destination was the Strait of Belle Isle en route to the St. Lawrence, while others have suggested that the ship quickly put in to a nearby harbour on the northern Newfoundland coast. The accounts of the voyage recorded by Hakluyt offer no clues to explain why the *Trinity* became stranded along an unknown shore, but storms may have damaged the vessel beyond repair, or the ship may have run aground on hidden coastal rocks. Most of the skilled and experienced mariners were probably on the *William*, leaving the *Trinity* with a large contingent of gentlemen who had no practical knowledge of nautical matters.

In either case, the *Trinity* was in harbour somewhere along the Newfoundland or Labrador coast when Oliver Dawbeny, strolling the upper deck, "spied a boate with Savages of those parts" rowing slowly and cautiously from the shore toward the ship. The "natural people of the countrey, that they had so long and so much desired to see," were likely paddling a bark or skin canoe on a fishing or birding expedition. Dawbeny was very excited, and after yelling to his comrades below deck, he and some crew "manned out a ship-boat to meet them and take them." But the wary natives, perhaps detecting the sinister motives of the English gentlemen, "returned with maine force and fled into an Island that lay up in the Bay or river there, and our men pursued them into the island and the savages fledde and escaped."

After thrashing around through the evergreen forest for several hours, the troupe stumbled upon "the side of a beare on a wooden spit left at the same by the Savages that were fled." Perhaps they ate some of the roasting bear before continuing their search. But the only other items of interest they could plunder from the native camp were "a boote of leather garnished on the outward side of the calfe with certaine brave trailes, as it were of rawe silke, and also found a certaine great warme mitten."

unaccustomed to cramped quarters on drafty ships with little other than salt pork, hardtack, and flat beer for provisions.

(Probably an Inuit design, reinforcing the notion that they were either harboured along the northern Newfoundland coast or the southern Labrador coast.) The downcast gentlemen returned to the ship with these intriguing curios but without a human captive.

The ship remained in harbour for a considerable time, likely several weeks, until "they grew into great want of victuals." Perhaps the stores had inadvertently been transferred

onto the *William* before the two separated, or perhaps their stores had gone mouldy or rancid. Apparently, the *Trinity* was also bereft of any fishing gear – it, too, must have all been loaded onto the *William* – and the stranded men "found small reliefe" from the land. For a brief period of time, the crew and gentlemen, numbering as many as forty or fifty individuals, stole fish from the fledglings in the nest of a nearby osprey "that brought hourely to her yong great plentie of divers sorts of fishes." But the famine, Dawbeny related, increased daily until "they were forced to seeke to relieve themselves of raw herbes and rootes that they sought on the maine." The land proved inhospitable, barren and devoid of life. Hunting parties failed to return with anything edible, and the men went ashore and spread out, ranging through the stunted shrubs and wind-lashed trees for anything edible. They grew weak, fearful, and demented as they withered away on a diet of roots and herbs.

The men grew weak, fearful, and demented as they withered away on a diet of roots and herbs.

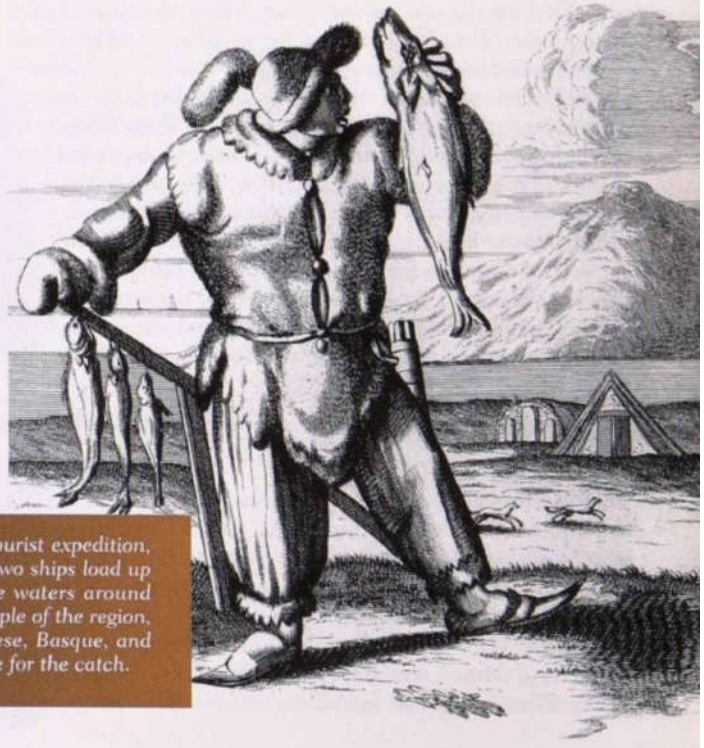
Stranded along the desolate coast, slowly starving, they resorted to the final indignity. "In the fieldes and deserts here and there," Dawbeny remembered, "the fellowe killed his mate while he stooped to take up a roote for his reliefe." After concealing the body and "cutting out pieces of his bodie whom he had murthered," a fire was lit and the flesh "broyled ... on the coles and greedily devoured."

Slowly men went missing, and the officers speculated that they had been "devoured with wilde beastses," or "destroyed with Savages." The account doesn't specify whether the missing men were sailors or gentlemen. On one occasion, however, a starving man scratching in the stony earth for herbs smelled "the savour of broyled flesh" and drew near to a man huddled over a small fire. The two fell into a violent quarrel, the one accusing the other of secretly holding food while the others languished. They soon fell into "cruell speaches," as one claimed that the other "would suffer him and his fellowes to sterve, enjoying plentie as he thought." The guilty man, according to Dawbeny, then passionately shouted: "If thou wouldest needes know, the broyled meate that I had was a piece of such a mans buttocke."

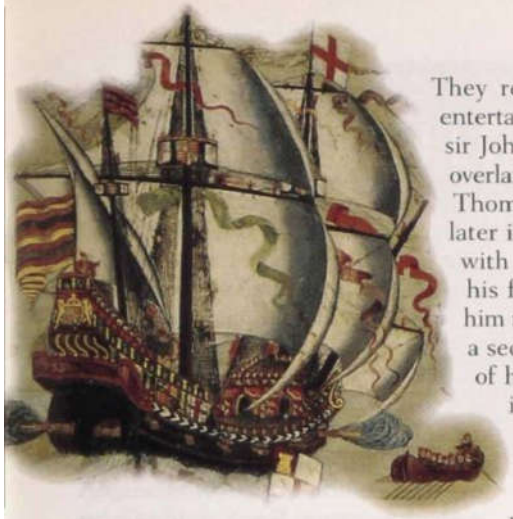
The shocking news was delivered to the captain, possibly Richard Hore himself, who in dismay and perhaps disgust harangued the starving men with "a notable Oration", wherein he "vouched the Scriptures from first to last," and proclaimed that "these dealings offended the Almightie." He beseeched them to pray for deliverance from their miserable predicament and reminded them that "it had been better to have perished in body, and to have lived everlastingly, than to have relieved for a poore time their mortal bodyes, and to be condemned everlastingly both body and soule to the unquenchable fire in hell." He began to "exhort" repentance and "besought" them to pray for the intervention of God "for his owne mercie to relieve the same." Apparently the men were shamed into stopping their cannibalistic feasting.

But despite the pitiful pleas to their God, the famine continued unabated until, driven to despair, the entire company agreed that "rather then all should perish, to draw lots who should be killed." They would draw straws to select the sacrifice for the evening's meal. It was probably nearing the end of September. The first round of their morbid game had not taken place, however, before a ship was spied on the horizon. It proved to be a French fishing ship "well furnished with vittaile." Whether the French offered assistance will never be known, but the starving English mariners resolved on a bold plan of action, "and such was the policie of the English, that they became masters of the same and, changing ships ... they set sayle to come to England." Apparently, they stole the French ship and abandoned the French sailors with the damaged *Trinity*.

The return voyage in the captured ship was an adventure in itself. The astonished gentlemen "sawe mighty Islands of yce in the sommer season, on which were haukes and other foules to rest themselves being weary of flying over farre from the maine." After a month of sailing, they arrived in England at the end of October and put to shore at the first port they came to – St. Ives in Cornwall. Being so weary and emaciated from the journey, the gentlemen did not travel far.



London merchant Richard Hore, who organized the New World tourist expedition, decided that to reduce the financial risk he would have one of his two ships load up on codfish. By the sixteenth century, it was well known that the waters around Newfoundland and Labrador teemed with fish. Inuit and native people of the region, dressed in sealskin, had fished there for millennia, while Portuguese, Basque, and English fishermen regularly made the six-thousand-kilometre voyage for the catch.



They recuperated "and were very friendly entertained" at "a certain castle belonging to sir John Luttrell," before slowly pressing on overland to London. It was at this castle that Thomas Buts, whom Hakluyt interviewed later in life, "was so changed in the voyage with hunger and miserie, that sir William his father and my Lady his mother knew him not to be their sonne, untill they found a secret marke which was a wart upon one of his knees." Neither Buts nor Dawbeny in their accounts related by Hakluyt give any indication of how many perished on the expedition, or whether it was mostly mariners or gentlemen who survived the return journey.

After they were nursed back to health, the survivors expected to suffer punishment or social reproach for killing their comrades in their desperation. But far from being angry, Henry VIII was sympathetic and, "mooved with pitie, punished not his subjects." When the French sailors cruised into London in the *Trinity* several months later, the king "out of his own purse made full and royall recompence unto the French." He also ordered their ship returned to them. Hakluyt records no more details of the adventure, but other court records in England reveal that Richard Hore came into trouble of a different sort. His business partners accused him of stealing their share of the codfish brought back by the *William*, which had returned to London in September. He was also sued by the owner of the *Trinity* and the *William*, who claimed they were severely damaged during the voyage.

Hore's disastrous expedition put to an end all official English voyages of discovery to the New World for over a quarter century, and ended the Newfoundland tourist business for the next two hundred years. The historian David Beers Quinn wrote that "the adventure certainly gave some educated Englishmen a view of the New World, but it was a sufficiently unfavorable one to act as strong negative propaganda for further North American exploring expeditions." Fortunately, tourist cruises to bird sanctuaries and for whale watching along Newfoundland's ruggedly beautiful coast are now popular and common, and starvation, cannibalism, and piracy are relegated to the distant past. Funk Island is now a wildlife preserve, and the scene of the piteous suffering and desperation of the men of the *Trinity* lies in one of the thousands of inlets and sheltered coves along the Newfoundland or Labrador coast. It will probably never be found.

Thus ends the tale of "The voyage of Master Hore and divers other gentlemen, to the Newfoundland, and Cape Briton, in the yere 1536 and in the 28 yere of king Henry the 8." ◘

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-011155

Stephen R. Bown lives in Canmore, Alberta in the Rocky Mountains. Several years ago he lived in St. John's, Newfoundland and was impressed with the rugged terrain and the vicious storms.

et cetera

England and the Discovery of America, 1481–1620
by David Beers Quinn. Knopf, New York, 1974.

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Reviews

Featured Books

■ **The Arctic Voyages of Martin Frobisher: An Elizabethan Adventure**
by Robert McGhee
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2001
198 pp., illus., $50.00 hardcover

■ **Martin Frobisher: Elizabethan Privateer**
by James McDermott
Yale University Press, New Haven, 2001
514 pp., illus., $50.00 hardcover

■ **Unknown Shore: The Lost History of England's Arctic Colony**
by Robert Ruby
Henry Holt, New York, 2001
300 pp., illus., $40.00 hardcover

Mackenzie King and the Prairie West
by Robert A. Wardhaugh
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2000
328 pp., $55.00 hardcover

Featured Film

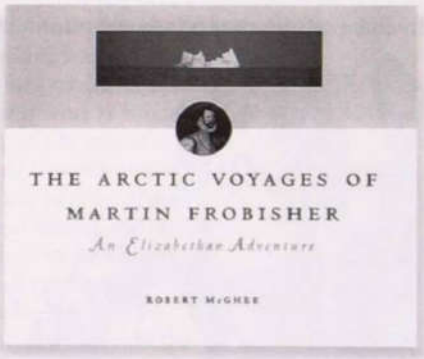
■ **Atanarjuat (The Fast Runner)**
Directed by Zacharias Kunuk
Produced by Igloolik Isuma Productions and the National Film Board of Canada
Running time: 172 minutes

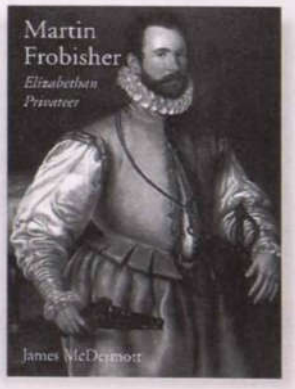
A Frobisher Fiesta

In 1576, while sailing west from England in search of the fabled Northwest Passage, the privateer Martin Frobisher entered the bay on Baffin Island that now bears his name. He traded goods with some Inuit. Five of his men went ashore and disappeared. Frobisher kidnapped an Inuk and sailed for England, where the newcomer soon died.

Frobisher had also brought home a chunk of rock. Three assayers declared it worthless, but a fourth decided that it contained gold. With the backing of Queen Elizabeth and a number of wealthy merchants, and focused now on mining for precious metals, Frobisher sailed west twice more, in 1577 and 1578. Having retreated at the last moment from an insane scheme to establish a mining colony, he eventually returned home with a mountain of ore that proved worthless.

These voyages form the nucleus of three surprisingly different books. Start with ***The Arctic Voyages of Martin Frobisher: An Elizabethan Adventure***, which is clear and incisive unto elegance. Robert McGhee opens his book with a wonderful evocation of that moment on the first voyage when a terrible storm tossed Frobisher's ship onto her side: "Only the captain acted, scrambling along the almost horizontal upper sides, casting off lines to spill wind from the sails, commanding the crew into action to cut away the mizzen-mast and the broken foreyard, and then preventing them from doing the same to the mainmast."





McGhee has an excellent eye for the telling detail. He quotes Michael Lok, the privateer's main financial backer, to evoke Frobisher's famous temper, ignited at delays in the assays between the second and third voyages: "He drew his dagger and furiouslye ranne uppon Jona, beinge in his worke at Tower hill, and threatned to kill him yf he did not finishe his worke owt of hand." McGhee also quotes Lok's later denunciation, "The Abuses of Captayn Furbusher Agaynst the Companye, Ano 1578," rightly noting that its combination of seriousness and malice gives it an almost humourous tone without concealing the desperation driving it.

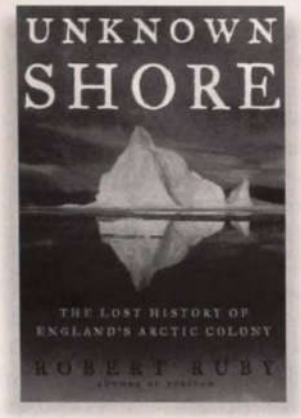
McGhee analyzes what happened with Frobisher's mining hopes by drawing a quirky but effective analogy with the recent Bre-X gold-mining scandal. His fine book also includes several clear, useful maps.

At least twice, McGhee draws attention to James McDermott's ***Martin Frobisher: Elizabethan Privateer***, declaring it, quite rightly, "the most complete and current biography of Frobisher, written by a leading scholar." This is a comprehensive, judicious work for those who wish to know capital-'E' Everything about Martin Frobisher. McDermott gives us plenty of Before, After, and Meanwhile, detailing all that is known about Frobisher's small-town youth, his early days as a pirate, and his later life as a marauding admiral – a swashbuckling rival to Sir Francis Drake.

Refusing to mythologize Frobisher, McDermott gives this difficult man his due. He describes how in 1578 Frobisher averted yet another near-disaster at sea, then notes: "If Frobisher may be condemned for his autocratic and inflexible nature, he deserves also the credit for confronting these dangers with a single-mindedness that might have evaded more balanced temperaments."

McDermott risks losing some readers by serving up long stretches of political context, leaving Frobisher stand-

ing off-stage and invisible, waiting in the wings. Even so, the authority here is palpable. As a Frobisher reference, this work may well be definitive.



With two books down and apparently nowhere to go, American author Robert Ruby delivers a wonderful surprise—***Unknown Shore: The Lost History of England's Arctic Colony***. This is the most literary of the new Frobisher books, which means it's the most fun to read—a work of, dare I say it, creative or literary nonfiction.

Ruby deals in facts but sometimes uses fictional techniques, interweaving narratives, creating scenes, and wielding voice to achieve powerful effects. He frames the narrative of Frobisher's three voyages with the story of Charles Francis Hall, an American explorer who, in the nineteenth century, encountered and recorded the Inuit version, orally transmitted through the centuries, of Frobisher's misadventures on Baffin Island.

But here is Ruby describing the moment that opens McGhee's book: "Frobisher himself grabbed the foresail and held on until the wind tore it away, along with the spar. Somehow he kept his footing. Crawling aft, he cut down the mizzenmast with an axe to reduce the storm's pressure on the ship—in those conditions, the less canvas, the better. He took charge, and imperiousness was his best quality."

This is not summary but scene, subtly indicated: the reader experiences the moment with Frobisher, briefly enters his mind. In place of the distanced, supposedly objective narrator, Ruby offers voice and attitude: "Martin Frobisher, on the other hand, assumed the worst of every stranger. As the two Inuit men approached, he already had a plan for kidnapping one of them, and gambled that he could make peace with the other by offering him more trinkets."

At one point, Ruby interjects a self-deprecating anecdote, explaining that because he is bald with "an unruly fringe of brown hair," some contemporary Inuit wanted to know if he is related to one of the Three Stooges: "Did I know Curly? Was I related to Curly?" And so he establishes his authority as someone who has Been There while simultaneously leavening his book with humour. *Unknown Shore* is the work of a skilled writer—and also a cracking good yarn.

Reviewed by **Ken McGoogan**, author of *Fatal Passage: The Untold Story of John Rae, the Arctic Explorer Who Discovered the Fate of Franklin.*

Little Love for Liberals

The Liberal Party of Canada has in the past decade returned to its traditional position as the government party, after a brief interlude from 1984 to 1993. So complete now is the Liberal dominance over the splintered opposition parties that observers of every stripe have taken to lamenting Canada's one-party rule.

Despite their perennial dominance, the Liberals have experienced persistent difficulty in maintaining a strong Western presence, or even at times, any Western presence at all. The difficulties became particularly noticeable during the Pearson and Trudeau eras. When Trudeau returned to power in 1980, his majority counted only two Liberal MPs west of Ontario. Trudeau even broached the idea of a coalition with a somewhat bemused NDP as a desperate measure to get some, any, Westerners in his cabinet. He then launched the National Energy Program, which was greeted—and is still remembered—in Alberta pretty much like Hitler's invasion of France in 1940.

The Liberals have remained the second-largest party in terms of popular votes throughout the West in the last three elections. But Reform / Canadian Alliance has built itself into the Western "home team," a position they could still lose through intraparty division and inept leadership. For now, their support stands as a constant rebuke to the Liberals' aspirations to be the only truly national party.

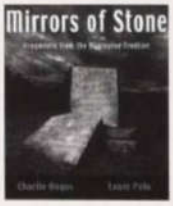
So what is the Liberal's Western problem? Most of the discussion of this issue has tended to look for answers in a post-Diefenbaker framework. Robert Wardhaugh, a historian at the University of Winnipeg, has set out in ***Mackenzie King and the Prairie West*** to extend this framework back into the past, to the Mackenzie King era, from 1919 to 1948. He finds that contrary to conventional wisdom, the Liberals' prairie problem has even deeper roots than previously noticed.

The problems for the Liberals be-

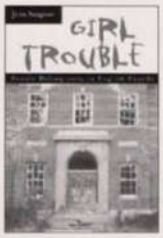
MIRRORS OF STONE

FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORCUPINE FRONTIER

Charlie Angus, photos by Louie Palu



Mirrors of Stone delves into the multi-ethnic cultures that thrived in the mining areas of Northern Ontario from the 1920s to the 1960s. Angus unearths the dark sides of this history—the wild tales of bootleggers, mobsters, and prostitution rings—and in so doing opens up new ways of seeing Ontario's history and culture. ISBN 1-896357-49-0 / 160 pages / paper / $24.95



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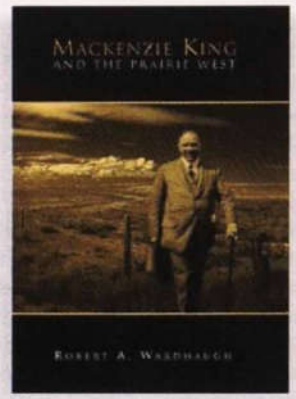
gan with the beginnings of the third-party stream in Canadian politics, the birth of the Progressive movement after World War I. Liberal concessions to the prairie populists constantly demanded equivalent concessions from the central Canadian Liberal establishment that was hypersensitive to any prairie tendencies to "radical" experimentation. Wardhaugh shows persuasively that King always expected better than he got from the West, was frustrated by his encounters with recalcitrant and demanding local elites, and at the end of the day, never really understood what the West was always rattling on about.



Wardhaugh tells the story in great detail, assiduously following the trails of successive Liberal attempts to co-opt third party politicians or to build durable Liberal-only rivals to the protest movements. The trails keep disappearing in the wide prairie plains. And the centralization imposed by depression and war made the Liberal task ever more difficult.

What moral can Jean Chrétien and his thin ranks of prairie ministers draw from this history? It comes as no surprise to learn that Canada is a highly regionalized country, and that national governance requires a balancing that is difficult to sustain over the long haul. The most proficient political juggler cannot keep all of the balls in the air forever. King was pretty good at this game, and so is Chrétien. But there is that one ball with an irritating tendency to jump off as if on its own mission. There is no alternative, however, for a national governing party, other than to keep picking it up and trying again. And again.

A more interesting question is what moral the prairie provinces can draw from this history? In the long run, have they gained more than they have lost by their persistent independence? It may be only coincidence that the most resistant province to Liberal blandishments over the years, Alberta, has also emerged as the wealthiest and most influential.

Chrétien talks hopefully of a coming electoral breakthrough in Alberta. So did his predecessors, all the way back to Mackenzie King. As Wardhaugh makes clear, such predictions have always been greatly exaggerated. Perhaps the point is that Albertans have grown comfortable, not to say prosperous, in their role as outsiders and kibitzers. Ottawa pays court to Alberta premier Ralph Klein, now the elder statesman of Confederation, and cuts him considerable slack in pursuing Alberta policy initiatives, such as his private health-care clinics. So in federal politics, Albertans can have the luxury of being critics of the Liberals. They prefer, it would seem, to be outside the Ottawa tent pissing in, rather than inside pissing out.

Neither Saskatchewan nor Manitoba has this same degree of luxury. Alberta has emerged as a region-state with a degree of autonomy, while the rest of the prairies are more dependent and vulnerable – easier pickings perhaps for an opportunistic Liberal government. In this sense, the prairie West described by Wardhaugh no longer exists, except as historical memory. The Liberals, however, are still very much with us, not all that much the worse for their long tribulations west of Ontario.

Reviewed by **Reg Whitaker**, distinguished research professor (emeritus), York University, and adjunct professor of political science, University of Victoria.

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An Arctic Allegory

Award-winning Inuit director Zacharias Kunuk didn't have to go far to find inspiration for his first feature film, ***Atanarjuat (The Fast Runner)***.

Just back a few thousand years.

The story behind the most critically acclaimed film to come out of Canada in the past year is based on an ancient Inuit legend set in Igloolik, a village off Baffin Island's northwest coast.

"This particular story has been passed down from generation to generation," Kunuk explained in a recent

© ISUMA PRODUCTIONS

Natar Ungalaaq plays the title character in *Atanarjuat (The Fast Runner)*.

interview. "It's a famous story in our area ... it was taught to me as a little child and you never forget it."

The 172-minute film, scheduled for release in Canadian theatres in April, has mesmerized audiences and critics since it premiered at the Cannes Film Festival in May 2001. Back then, the breathtaking Arctic drama earned Kunuk the prestigious Camera d'Or award.

The accolades have continued. At the 22nd Genie Awards in February *Atanarjuat* won five of seven Genie award nominations – best motion picture, direction, editing, original score, and screenplay. And though ignored by the Academy Awards, the film has garnered many other honours.

It's not surprising that this mostly Inuit production has captured such praise. It is a brilliant piece of work that immerses the audience into northern Canada's harsh arctic conditions in which the Inuit have thrived for thousands of years.

Set "at the dawn of the first millennium," *Atanarjuat* shows in painstaking detail how the Inuit endured in a land considered inhospitable by European explorers 1,600 years later.

The film is a fascinating watch, weaving anthropological details about daily Inuit life before European contact – everything from dress and cultural practices to hunting methods and shelter provisions – while the tale unfurls across the vast frozen tundra.

The drama unfolds like a Greek tragedy, complete with power struggles, sex, jealousy, murder, vengeance, and a moral.

Atanarjuat begins when a shaman curses a small nomadic Inuit community with evil. Years later, Atanarjuat stirs up trouble when he wins the hand of the lovely Atuat away from Oki, the camp leader's son. Seeking to get even, Oki ambushes Atanarjuat and his brother in their sleep. As his brother is murdered, Atanarjuat escapes, fleeing naked across the spring ice. Atanarjuat is left isolated from his home and is faced with the challenge of casting evil from a community that believes he is dead.

"These stories are to teach us about which road we're going to choose when we grow up – to be on the evil side or the good side," Kunuk said.

Although adapted for screen by Inuit writer Paul Apak, who died during production, the story remains familiar to Igloolik's 1,200 residents even today.

Kunuk admits he doesn't know how far back this legend goes, but archaeological evidence shows four thousand years of continuous Inuit habitation in the region. Storytelling was a critical part of this culture. "That's all we had – everything was oral," Kunuk said.

Igloolik's ancestors passed all their knowledge, culture, philosophy, and values from generation to generation without a written language. The Inuit learned to tell entertaining, suspenseful stories that kept listeners spellbound while carrying complex cultural information buried in multiple layers of meaning.

Kunuk and his crew see *Atanarjuat* as a way of carrying on this storytelling tradition – albeit in a different medium – told in their own words and images.

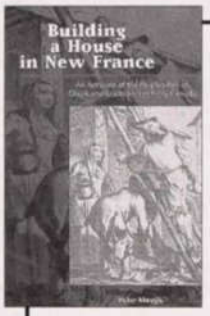
Atanarjuat underscores Inuit efforts to tell their own story – this is the first film written, directed, and acted by Inuit, in their language. It is an important step for an indigenous people who have, until recently, seen their culture recorded by outsiders.

For countless generations Igloolik elders kept the legend of Atanarjuat alive through oral history to teach their young the dangers of setting personal desire above the needs of the group.

But is it true?

"We believe it," Kunuk said. "In Inuit culture you believe your elders – they have more knowledge than you and when they tell you a story you believe it." ◘

Reviewed by **Doug Alexander**, a Canadian journalist and writer who works in London with the international features agency Gemini News Service.



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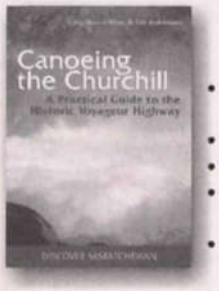

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CHRIS RAIBLE

Booknotes

Of the many Canadian history books I see, most narrate historical events or chronicle the lives of particular people. In contrast, some I've read recently deal with places and spaces.

One important place, a central knot in the network of the fur trade – as most *Beaver* readers undoubtedly know – was Fort William at (now) Thunder Bay. It was a midway meeting point between east and west, between trapper and trader, between aboriginal and European cultures. It was indeed, as the title of a fine new book suggests, the *Superior Rendezvous Place*. It is a splendid account – both readable and reliable – of the fort's history, including modern controversies about recreating the fort as a living history museum. The modern fort has now lasted longer than the original – and faces as uncertain a future.

Starting in the late nineteenth century, built along Canada's railways, was a series of grand palaces; that is, grand hotels. They were gathering places for the rich and famous, with architecture and décor that exuded luxury. But they also served ordinary folk who could find the money to splurge on holidays in the splendour of the Banff Springs Hotel or the grandeur of Quebec's Chateau Frontenac. *Castles of the North* is a nostalgic journey in image and language to an almost lost but not yet forgotten era. Both the book and the video are quite lovely.

Another book details through time an extended space – a railway line. Since Pierre Berton, we have no need to be reminded of the political and social importance of railways. *Hamilton's Other Railway* is an exhaustive, but not exhausting, look at one of them. Running from Hamilton northeast (though the company was called "Hamilton & Northwest") to Collingwood, it carried manufactured goods north and brought firewood and lumber south. When completed, it provided freight and passenger connections between Lakes Erie, Ontario, Simcoe, Huron and, of course, all the towns in the region. Author Charles Cooper has spent much of his life studying the line, so his book details every grade, every trestle and bridge, every station, every engine. The text is clear, the photographs are wonderful. One can almost smell the smoke and hear the whistles.

The story of a single Winnipeg street, Broadway, stretching in time from a fur-trade fort to postmodern offices, is neatly narrated in *Street of Dreams*. It celebrates the history of a city through the strength of its architecture. These reflections on style and form are especially enhanced by the design of the book itself. Rarely have I seen archival images and accompanying text melded so well.

A similarly focused – but far more comprehensive – study tracks a hundred years of a city market. Edmonton in 1900, only eight years a city, had no market. If the city "aspires to prosperity," one councillor declared, it must have one. All important places had public markets. The significance of a market, however, as the next hundred years testified, was not as a symbol of civic pride. It served to directly link the grower with the consumer – by extension, the rural with the urban. Also, as in every city with a similar facility, the market area became the meeting ground for all sorts and conditions of people, a public space for political rallies and civic celebrations. Edmonton's market had been in operation only fifteen years when officials tried to move it out of the middle of the city – it was disorderly and dirty. That attempt failed, but fifty years later plans for a grand new civic centre left the market totally out of the picture. A relocated market was built, the author asserts, "perfectly designed and sited to grow into its role as a civic anachronism." This splendid social history, including its sketches of many market vendors over the years, provides food for thought for anyone interested in the future as well as the past of our cities.

Barns of the Queen's Bush praises common wooden barns – except that they are not common at all. When Jon Radojkovic moved to a rural Ontario county with his wife, he cleared land and constructed a house in a manner not unlike settlers 150 years earlier (save that he had a chainsaw). By the time they came to build a barn, Radojkovic had studied and come to love the shapes, the structures, the craftsmanship of old barns in his area. Some twenty-three of them (plus two mills) are pictured and described in detail. His book is an education in types of wood, tools of the trade, and construction terms. Modern and archival images, and drawings by Mary Trip MacCarl, combine to create a most worthy work.

Would you believe that a giant book (in format, not length) could be a study of nothing but wooden mouldings? Architectural historian George Duncan spent six years looking at heritage houses (built between 1820 and 1920), especially at their interior carpentry. Not just looking – tracing their shapes and learning how the mouldings were produced, fastened, and finished. In *York County Mouldings*, he presents exact, full-size profiles of door and window trims, baseboards, chair rails, hook rails, corner blocks, and much more. Duncan's prologue, a short poem, testifies to his devotion,

Books Cited

- *Superior Rendezvous Place: Fort William in the Canadian Fur Trade*
  By Jean Morrison. Natural Heritage Books, 2001. $26.95 paper.
- *Castles of the North: Canada's Grand Hotels*
  Produced by Barbara Chisholm, Russell Floren, and Andrea Gutchen. Lynx Images, 2001. $39.95 hardcover; $29.95 video; $59.95 both.
- *Hamilton's Other Railway 1853–2000: The Hamilton & Northwestern Railway in Retrospect*
  By Charles Cooper. Bytown Railway Society, 2000. $75.00 hardcover.
- *Street of Dreams: The Story of Broadway, Western Canada's First Boulevard*
  By Marjorie Gillies. Heartland Publications, 2001. $24.95 paper.
- *A History of the Edmonton City Market 1900–2000: Urban Values and Urban Culture*
  By Kathryn Chase Merrett. University of Calgary Press, 2001. $29.95 paper.
- *Barns of the Queen's Bush*
  By Jon Radojkovic. Brucedale Press, 2001. $35.00 paper.
- *York County Mouldings from Historic Interiors 1820–1920*
  By George W. J. Duncan. Architectural Conservancy of Ontario, 2001. $34.95 paper.

beginning: "Beauty wrought / From planks of ancient pine, / The Joiner's art / Still shows his skillful hand ..." and ending: "The gentle ripples / Of the craftsman's touch / Reverberate through time." Here is a marvellous volume.

More Books Worth Noting

- *The Anglo-French Conflict in North America 1756–1763*
  By Alberto Rosselli. Erga edizioni, 2001. U.S.$20 paper.

  Familiar historical material, but of special interest because it is presented from the perspective of an Italian historian.

- *Avrocar – Canada's Flying Saucer: The Story of Avro Canada's Secret Projects*
  By Bill Zuk. Boston Mills Press, 2001. $24.95 paper.

  There was much more to Avro than the Arrow, as is disclosed by this examination of other Avro aviation projects, most of them top secret, some of them fanciful, none of them successful.

- *Great Maritime Inventions 1833–1950*
  By Mario Theriault. Goose Lane Editions, 2001. $12.95 paper.

  A slim but fun catalogue of real inventions patented by Maritimers – some were silly, some were sensible, all were ingenious.

- *Grounded in Eire: The Story of Two RAF Fliers Interned in Ireland during World War II*
  By Ralph Keefer. McGill-Queens University Press, 2001. $24.95 hardcover.

  Two Canadian RAF fliers bailed out of their war-damaged plane and found themselves prisoners in Ireland. An imaginative – and no doubt largely true – recounting by a son of his father's experiences.

- *Hobnobbing with a Countess and Other Okanagan Adventures: The Diaries of Alice Barrett Parke 1891–1900*
  UBC Press, 2001. $85.00 hardcover.

  In the course of a decade she wrote half a million words (a quarter of them here published and annotated) for her family in Ontario. A spinster sent west to look after her brother and uncle describes her daily life, relates her occasional adventures, and reveals her deep-set attitudes.

- *Mirrors of Stone: Fragments from the Porcupine Frontier*
  By Charlie Angus. Photographs by Louie Palu. Between the Lines, 2001. $24.95 paper.

  An odd juxtaposition of historical vignettes (narrated in the style of a mystery thriller) and haunting photographs of tombstones, together reflect the immigrant experience of one area of Northern Ontario.

- *Mission to Little Grand Rapids: Life with the Anishinabe, 1927–1938*
  By Luther L. Schuetze. Creative Connections, 2001. $24.95 paper.

  Published thirty years after his death, these are the memoirs of a Brazilian-born, German-educated man who came to Canada to be a fur trader, but who soon became a United Church minister serving a native community northeast of Winnipeg.

- *Pilots to Presidents: British Columbia's Aviation Pioneers and Leaders, 1930–1960*
  By Peter Corley-Smith. Sono Nis Press, 2001. $29.95 paper.

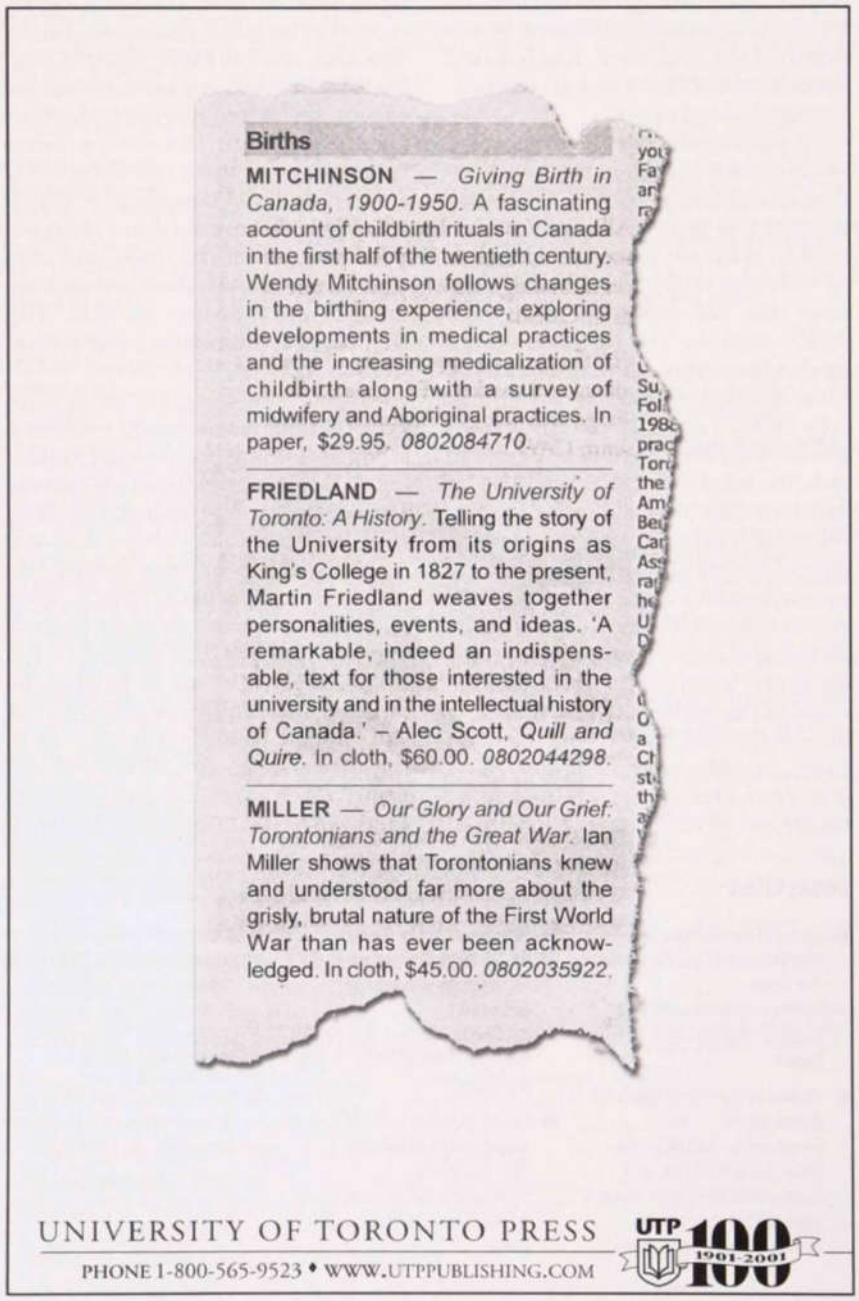
  The third volume of an extraordinarily comprehensive, yet nonetheless fully comprehensible history of commercial aviation in British Columbia.

- *With Unfailing Dedication: Rural Teachers in the War Years*
  By Elizabeth McLachlan. NeWest Press, 2001. $24.00 paper.

  Individual biographies of twenty-eight teachers, each tale incorporating personal memories, create a mosaic picture of an often-trying yet nearly always gratifying profession.

- *Women at Sea in the Age of Sail*
  By Donal Baird. Nimbus Publishing, 2001. $19.95 paper.

  In Britain, Canada, and the United States, some women as well as many men went "down to the sea in ships." Here are the stories of a number of them.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Growing in Number

With this issue, the *Beaver* has reached a major milestone in its eighty-three-year history: it now has over 50,000 subscribers. This represents a 5 percent growth over last year and an increase of more than 30 percent in the subscriber base since 1998. According to publisher Laird Rankin, a better product coupled with an expanded marketing program has created a greater awareness of the magazine. "And once people learn about the *Beaver*, it sells itself."

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Dining Out

As part of its continuing program to bring the Society to communities across the country, a special dinner was held January 31 in Victoria, B.C. Society contributors in the area joined CNHS board president Joe Martin at the Union Club and were brought up to date on Society activities and thanked for their support.

SGT JULIEN DUPUIS PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

The fifteen finalists of the 2001 Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History pose (above) with Their Excellencies, the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson and John Ralston Saul, following a ceremony in Rideau Hall on October 13, 2001. Award recipient, Mel Grief, is seated to Her Excellency's right. Society Board chair, E. James Arnett, Q.C., is seated on His Excellency's left.

Museum Profile

DEELEY PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES

Dalnavert, built in 1895, at 61 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, is one of the finest examples of Queen Anne Revival architecture, and a National Historic Site. It is the restored Victorian home of Sir Hugh John and Lady Macdonald. Like similar homes of the period, Dalnavert is opulently decorated with luxurious wood panelling and stained-glass windows, and is full of treasured objects. Dalnavert today is an accurate re-creation of a well-to-do family's home, with indoor plumbing, walk-in clothes closets, and electric lighting – all new to home construction in 1895.

There are five artistically beautiful stained-glass windows original to the Macdonald home, the largest of which is nestled behind the upper balcony. The origin of these windows is unknown, but they are excellent examples of the glassmaker's art.

Open year-round, guided tours are included in the cost of admission. During the summer, ACTIVITY-BASED PROGRAMMING FOR CHILDREN is scheduled on a weekly basis.

Many families have made a tradition of coming to DALNAVERT IN DECEMBER to see the house decorated for a Victorian Christmas or Hogmanay celebration, or to participate in one of the seasonal programs.

Free parking is available at the rear of the museum and the Carlton Lane Gift Shop has souvenirs and gifts for year-round giving.

Dalnavert Museum
61 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, MB R3C 1N7
For information contact:
Telephone: (204) 943-2835 E-mail: <dalnavrt@escape.ca>
Website: <www.mhs.mb.ca>

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- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

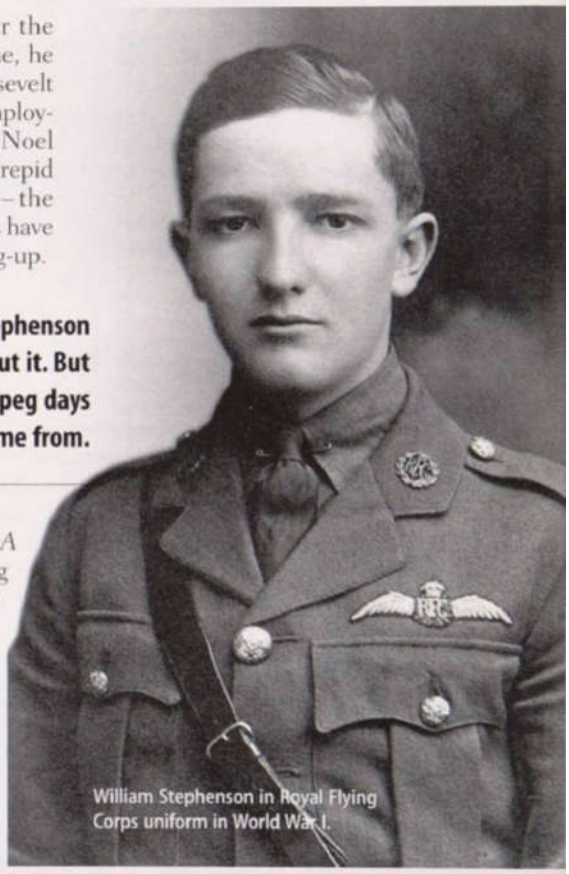
What's True About Intrepid?

Twenty-five years ago, *A Man Called Intrepid* became one of the great commercial successes of Canadian historical publishing, a huge international bestseller. In it, the little-known Winnipegger William S. Stephenson, code name Intrepid, was presented as the architect of the secret intelligence victories by which the Allies snatched victory despite overwhelming odds and triumphed in the Second World War.

The book, and films and sequels that followed, made Intrepid, who was still alive and living in Bermuda, into a Canadian hero. In time, Winnipeg erected a statue and named a school in his honour. A Whitby, Ontario, training site associated with him was named Intrepid Park. Before his death in 1989, he received the Order of Canada.

But there were problems. For *A Man Called Intrepid* reads like a novel. Its protagonist practically wins World War II single-handedly. From an office in Rockefeller Centre, Intrepid breaks the German codes, ensures success in the Battle of the Atlantic, foils the Nazis' atomic research, foresees the Pearl Harbour attack, directs European resistance, and makes possible the successful landings in Normandy. On D-Day he even flies a bomber over the landing beaches. At the same time, he holds Churchill's hand, tells Roosevelt how to run the war, and gives employment to celebrity warriors from Noel Coward to Greta Garbo. With Intrepid in charge – it sometimes seems – the frontline soldiers, fliers, and sailors have little to do in the war but mopping-up.

Intrepid's wartime career has been wildly inflated, and Stephenson was complicit in spreading nonsense about it. But Macdonald's remarkable researches into his Winnipeg days for the first time suggest persuasively just where the nonsense came from.



William Stephenson in Royal Flying Corps uniform in World War I.

The brilliant simplicity of *A Man Called Intrepid* – reducing most of World War II to one man's exploits – also provoked the withering scorn it received. The Intrepid story didn't just seem incredible, many British, Canadian, and American scholars and intelligence experts declared. It really was incredible.

In the next few years, scholarly critics of *A Man Called Intrepid* demonstrated – conclusively, to my eye – that William Stephenson had played a useful bureaucratic role handling vital secret-service liaison in New York during the war. He surely earned the knighthood he received in 1945, but he would not even have known much of, let alone commanded, the really crucial secret-war campaigns. Substantial histories of World War II and of the intelligence war continue to be written without much mention of Intrepid's deeds. Sir William Stephenson existed and served well, in other words, but Intrepid the war-winning master spy is a glorious fiction.

The demolition of Intrepid created its own small mystery. Given William Stephenson's genuinely important services in the war, why had he lent his name and reputation to crackpot theories and grandiose claims about

the most important events of his life?

Into the Intrepid puzzle now steps Winnipeg writer Bill Macdonald. A decade ago, when Stephenson died, Bill Macdonald started pursuing a simple local-interest item for CBC Radio, looking into Stephenson's Winnipeg roots. He got a shock. "I discovered that his local roots were essentially untraceable," Macdonald told me recently. "All the information about his background was simply fictitious." Stephenson's Scots parents and their lumber business did not exist. The school he attended did not exist. Even his birth records did not exist.

Instead, Macdonald found, Stephenson was younger than he claimed, was of Icelandic descent, and had been adopted by a working-class Winnipeg family whose surname he was given. He left school after grade 6 and did menial jobs until he enlisted in the Canadian forces as a bugler in 1916.

These finds launched Macdonald into a long quest. In the last decade, he has been to Europe and the United States and across Canada to do extensive reading and hundreds of interviews for his recent book, *The True Intrepid*.

Macdonald confirmed that William Stephenson had a fine career in the First World War, becoming a fighter pilot with twelve credited victories, rising to captain's rank, and winning the DFC for his skill and courage. But, Macdonald found, Stephenson returned home after the war to run a dubious business in Winnipeg and then fled to Britain in 1922, one step ahead of his creditors. There, less than a year later, the youthful dropout and recent bankrupt was being saluted as "a brilliant scientist and a leader of industry." In no time he had launched a business career and began to move in high society. Before long, he cut off all contact with his family, denied he had any surviving relatives, and buried his Icelandic roots entirely.

Despite Macdonald's discoveries about Stephenson's origins, his research into wartime intelligence has made him a partisan for Stephenson and also for the hundreds of Canadians, including many young women, who worked for Stephenson's organization in New York City. Macdonald remains persuaded that Stephenson really was at the heart of secret warfare in World War II. Though he agrees Stephenson was badly served by his biographer, Macdonald rejects many of the specific challenges to the Intrepid story. "The negative reactions come from people who don't know anything about it," he says. Macdonald is now deep into further work on the remarkable stories of Canadian men and women who worked in Second World War intelligence. "He was a very, very, very important person," Macdonald says of Stephenson, someone who operated right up amidst Roosevelt and Churchill.

I'm less persuaded than Macdonald, still more convinced by Intrepid's scholarly critics. The scope of Intrepid's wartime career has been wildly inflated, and William Stephenson was too much complicit in spreading nonsense about it. But it does seem that Macdonald's remarkable researches into his Winnipeg days for the first time suggest persuasively just where the nonsense came from.

Simply, it seems the William Stephenson that Macdonald has uncovered was always a bit of a con artist. He liked deception. He had a knack for planting false trails. And from an early age he very much wanted no one to know much about him. A gift for the con, surely, was how the Icelandic orphan inserted himself so deftly into British society, how the "brilliant scientist" secured his sudden fortune, and also how the British envoy in New York charmed key American officials out of their fears that Britain in the spring of 1940 was beyond saving.

And a taste for spinning how-I-won-the-war fictions to credulous biographers ready to puff up his genius? Probably it was not so much old-age vainglory and fading links to reality, as his critics have generally surmised. Perhaps it was an integral part of the man and his character.

Reading Bill Macdonald, I found a Stephenson and an Intrepid who suddenly made sense to me. It's not exactly the sense Bill Macdonald wants his readers to have, but it's a fascinating story.

The True Intrepid: Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents by Bill Macdonald was published by Raincoast Books in 2001. *A Man Called Intrepid* by William Stevenson first appeared in 1976.

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Album

Jim Gyselinck, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is a retired Winnipeg firefighter and the youngest son of Poledore and Madeleine Gyselinck.

High Water Well, it's springtime 1923 in the Red River Valley, and the Red – which will flood its banks several times in the twentieth century to great spectacle – is swollen with meltwater and rain. Cattle dealer James Braden's yard, which is near the Seine River, a tributary of the Red, falls victim to overland flooding, and so Braden must navigate his property by boat. His tenants, Poledore and Madeleine Gyselinck, who migrated to Manitoba from Belgium and worked in a munitions factory in Toronto during World War I, pause for a photographer, who has positioned himself on a railcar to capture the shimmering, transient lake. The Gyselincks' firstborn, Eugene, five years old, finds the great puddle more impressive than the man on high, though.

Flood or no, life goes on. The washing must be done. Why, aren't those baby Jeanette's diapers on the line? ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478 – 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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8:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
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9:30 AM							
10:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
11:00 AM	THE CANADIANS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOC. SERIES TREASURE SEEKERS	WAR STORIES
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4:00 PM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
4:30 PM	HISTORY BITES						
5:00 PM	COMBAT					HISTORY OF WAR	DOCUMENTARY SERIES —WAR
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					HISTORY LANDS	HISTORY LANDS
6:30 PM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES					ROYAL SECRETS	STREETS OF THE WORLD
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					STREETS OF THE WORLD	DISASTERS
7:30 PM						ODYSSEYS	
8:00 PM	HISTORY BITES					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	SEA HUNTERS
8:30 PM	CROWN AND COUNTRY						
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
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11:00 PM	THE UNTOUCHABLES						
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12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
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3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DISASTERS
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4:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					WESTERN MATINEE	SEA HUNTERS
4:30 AM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES						
5:00 AM	PAID PROGRAMMING						HISTORY LANDS
5:30 AM							STREETS OF THE WORLD
6:00 AM	COMBAT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							